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Dance and Dancers

APRIL 1960

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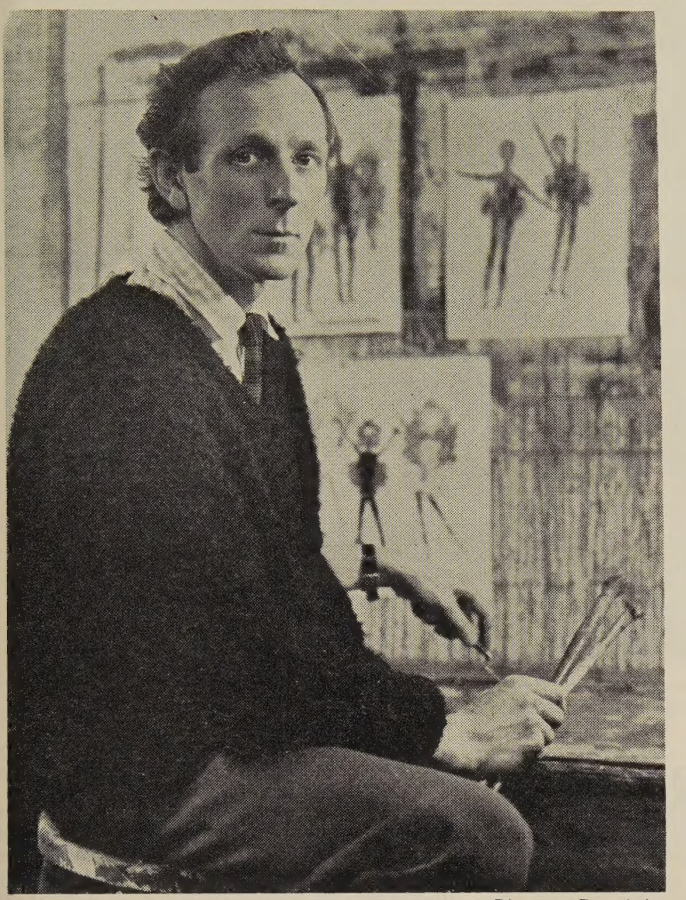

Photo : Dominic.

KENNETH ROWELL

ONE of the many things that Marie Rambert has been responsible for was the fact that she was partially instrumental in bringing a young Australian designer, Kenneth Rowell, to England. For her he designed his first ballet when she was touring her company through the Antipodes in 1949 and it was owing to her recommendation, and that of Sir Laurence Olivier, that Rowell was granted a British Council Scholarship to study in England.

His early designing for Walter Gore's *Winter Night* in Australia did not give much indication as to how he would develop in his two later works for Rambert. These — for John Cranko's *Variations on a Theme* and for Kenneth MacMillan's *Laiderette* — amount to some of the most distinguished designing in the post-war British repertory. For London's Festival Ballet he brought a rare sensitivity to Lewis Carroll's immortal creatures in *Alice in Wonderland* even if it was hard to make much of the peculiar dimensions of the Festival Hall stage where the company gives its London season. His only work for the Royal Ballet was for the Sadler's Wells Theatre company in 1953. This ballet, *Carte Blanche* by Walter Gore, was extremely witty, and this wit was well matched by Rowell's mainly white settings and costumes. So good was it in many ways that it seems strange that he has not been invited to design another work for the organisation until this month, when his designs for MacMillan's version of Stravinsky's *Le Baiser de la Fée* will be seen at Covent Garden.

During the intervening years, Rowell has developed himself as a painter. This attitude he shares with that other distinguished designer who has designed mainly for MacMillan ballets — Nicholas Georgiadis. Both of them feel that it is far more important to be a painter first and then apply their painting technique and painter's approach to the theatre. This is, of course, following on much the same approach that Diaghilev had towards ballet's designers in the first quarter of this century. Rowell, like Georgiadis, has become a most distinguished painter in his own right, and his work, mainly abstract, is just what British ballet needs. There are too many people working in the theatre who are mainly efficient technicians and decorators and who care little for textures and are too intent on merely dressing the stage.

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Dance and Dancers

Editor: PETER WILLIAMS *Associate Editor:* CLIVE BARNES
Assistant Editor: E. C. Mason.
WORLD'S LARGEST SALE IN THE FIELD

A Return to Finsbury?

IF London is grateful to two of its urban areas, as far as ballet is concerned, then they are Notting Hill Gate (home of Ballet Rambert) and Finsbury (first permanent home of the Sadler's Wells Ballet). In Notting Hill, Marie Rambert and her dancers, company and school, still preside even if they don't give public performances there any more. In Finsbury, at the Sadler's Wells Theatre, ballet has faded out to a group for the operas and a few spasmodic visits from foreign ballet groups and an annual two-week season from Ballet Rambert. In the main the ballet glory has departed from Finsbury, which is a pity when you think back on those stimulating pre-war days when new creations were going on all the time ; even in the early post-war period there was a lot of creative activity.

It was of course obvious that the Sadler's Wells Ballet was starting to bulge at the seams of its Finsbury home and that the only place to do justice to the mammoth concern such as the Royal Ballet has now become something like Covent Garden. But this retreat down the hill has meant that in the end, and whatever anybody might say, every creation has been geared to Opera House dimensions. In fact there is no company working in the metropolitan area that can put on the smaller and more experimental works such as those which once made the British repertory what it is.

It now seems clear that the Royal Ballet is not in a position to think in this way any more ; Ballet Rambert spends most of its year on the road and London's Festival Ballet has to cut its cloth according to the type of audience it has so successfully built up for itself.

Is there a solution? Yes, if anyone will give it serious consideration. The Sadler's Wells Theatre is now enjoying an opera boom such as it has not known before. In fact it has placed itself right back on the map. Distances from the centre of London seem to matter no more if people are prepared, as indeed they are, to venture to the Lyric Opera House in Hammersmith and to the Theatre Royal at Stratford in the East End. That's all very well, you may say, but opera has established itself at Sadler's Wells, so what room is there for ballet? At the theatre they give no performances on Monday nor on Saturday matinées. Everything is there for performances but nothing takes place. Why can the theatre not start a new company to give a chance to some of these not-employed-all-the-time choreographers — Cranko, MacMillan, Morrice, Jack Carter, Peter Darrell, Norman Dixon, Meriel Evans and so on? Here would be a marvellous new use for the theatre that has meant so much to ballet. And why not put one of these people in charge as artistic director? It would at least give somebody some sort of training for this position for which nobody appears to get any training these days.

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CHIAROSCURO : *A scene from Peter Darrell's ballet to Milhaud music. This lightweight ballet achieved a considerable success. The dancers here are : Dennis Griffiths, Anne Hyde, Hazel Merry, Brenda Last and Richard Morris.*

New Western Approaches

The Western Theatre Ballet, originating from Bristol, has had a chequered career. At times it almost seemed as though it would vanish completely, but owing to the loyalty of the company they have somehow managed to keep together. Recently they made a come-back in Brussels and later they returned to England to appear in Hanley. These two seasons are here reviewed by NOEL GOODWIN and CLIVE BARNES.

PRELUDE IN BRUSSELS

BRISTLING with terrier-like spirit and determination, the gallant Western Theatre Ballet formed by Elizabeth West and Peter Darrell faced the latest and perhaps toughest challenge in its career last February. It was offered a trial week's engagement at Hanley in Staffordshire by the Moss Empires theatre circuit with the likelihood that, if it proved successful with the public, the company would be booked for a country-wide autumn tour at the circuit's "No. 1" theatres.

Western Theatre Ballet celebrates its third birthday in May, and it still survives as the first regional company in Britain in spite of having no regular base even now in this country, no subsidy worth the name except for a very few donations from commercial firms, and no guarantee where the next job will come from — or even if there will be any job at all. The fact that it still exists is testimony to the calibre of its members and the dynamic personality of Elizabeth West.

Rather than disband for want of engagements, the dancers have taken part-time work in pantomime and TV, for example. Last October the company's life was saved by the proverbial hairsbreadth once more when it went to Belgium to appear for four months at the Théâtre Royale de la Monnaie, the Belgian national opera house in Brussels, where I was fortunate to see it make a successful début in collaboration with the theatre's resident dancers.

The Brussels engagement was a noticeable help in developing the English company's assurance and *ensemble*. It had pioneering work to do there in assisting in the reform of the Monnaie's artistic policy, following a long period of deeply-rutted convention and the appointment of a new director-general, Maurice Huisman. One of his boldest ventures was to present a new version of *Le Sacre de Printemps* choreographed by Maurice Béjart, in which Western Theatre Ballet took part. Huisman's aim — both in ballet and opera — is to bring young audiences back to the theatre, the object for which the English company has also worked since it started.

West and Darrell have sought to do this through an adventurous artistic policy displayed not only in a high proportion of new ballets but also in mounting ballets in a diverse variety of styles. They range from romantic to pure jazz dancing, and from narrative dance-dramas like Darrell's best-known work, *The Prisoners,* to plotless patterns of varying shades and moods. With this in mind, the 12 dancers in the company were chosen as much for their versatility as for their technical prowess.

Even when confronted by the problem of luring a public through snow and blizzard in one of the worst provincial theatre weeks of the year (the week immediately following the annual pantomime when most casual theatregoers have not realised that the beanstalk season is finished), Western Theatre Ballet at Hanley stuck to its principles. In the course of two programmes during the week of 15th February it gave five ballets which were new to Britain.

ENGLISH RETURN

HANLEY was chosen for the touring theatre experiment because it apparently has a reputation for providing one of the best ballet audiences outside London. Dancing schools in the area are as thick on the ground as pottery kilns, and the manager of the Theatre Royal, Mr. Hughes, put forward the opinion to me that the local interest in ballet was due to the manufacture of pottery being as much an art as a craft. "Even," he said, "the process of sticking handles on cups."

Be that as it may, he was realistic about Western Theatre Ballet's chances, for Ballet Rambert had visited Hanley immediately before the pantomime, and the local amateur operatic society, which usually summoned the faithful back to their theatrical devotions, had been obliged to postpone its production of *The Merry Widow* for a week. Sinking up to my ankles in snow outside, slithering through the door and catching sight of the scattering of numbed audience within, I was inclined to agree with him.

Nevertheless, by the end of the performance those who did turn up were clearly enthusiastic for what Western Theatre Ballet had to offer — most of all for *The Prisoners* (still perhaps Darrell's best ballet so far) and his new *Chiaroscuro.*

Chiaroscuro

Choreography: Peter Darrell. Music: Milhaud. Décor: Barry Kay.

HAZEL MERRY RICHARD MORRIS
BRENDA LAST LAVERNE MEYER
ANNE HYDE DENNIS GRIFFITHS

I WAS very taken with this when I saw its première in Brussels, and a second look confirmed an impression that it is one of Darrell's happiest creations. It is not exactly plotless, but impressionistic, subtle and barbed with an amusingly wry wit.

He describes it as "a series of dance impressions of light and shade in human behaviour". Three pairs of dancers, in simple costumes against a touch of imaginative abstract décor by Barry Kay, permutate an ingenious and resourceful catscradle of changing emotional relationships to each other which never quite work out as you might expect. A swift succession of brief episodes, here a *pas de deux,* there a *pas de trois,* varied by *ensembles,* brightly exploit both individual technique and the expression of human feelings in a spirit of lighthearted enjoyment.

For music, Darrell has made an excellent choice in Milhaud's *Saudades do Brasil,* a series of rhythmic, colourful South American sketches with cheerful syncopations and a pungent dash of humour, neatly taken up in Darrell's choreography and transformed into a mixture of poignancy and wit. It is a smiling ballet with subtle undercurrents, owing something perhaps to Tudor and Balanchine in style, and enjoyable, I would think, for all types of audiences.

What may be called, without disrespect, the "general purpose" light ballet is considerably more difficult to achieve than many more serious items, and *Chiaroscuro* marks a small but significant advance in Darrell's work. It was zestfully and crisply danced by Hazel Merry and Richard Morris, Brenda Last and Laverne Meyer, Anne Hyde and Dennis Griffiths, and was an ideal contrast to the vivid dramatic tragedy of *The Prisoners.*

Here Meyer and Erling Sunde as the break-out convicts, with Suzanne Musitz as the wife of one of them, who finds the unmarried youth preferable to her husband, again created a weighty impact in the skilfully-shaped dance-drama. Its deeply moving effect is intensified by the Bartók music *(Music for Strings, Percussion and Celesta)* in its evocation of mood and emotional suspense.

The rest of the programme consisted of Darrell's *Celeste and Celestinha* and *Non-Stop,* his lively and amusing parody of rock 'n' roll and jazz dancing in a kind of raucous equivalent to MacMillan's *Solitaire,* and a *pas de trois* from *Swan Lake* as the only concession to conventional balletic "popularity". In the last, Anne Hyde and Rodney Macdonald were well-intentioned in style, but Anna Price was insecure and too soubrettish in her approach.

Celeste and Celestinha was not really the best choice for a curtain-raiser, and my spirits plummeted down when I saw it. The light ballet which Darrell successfully achieved in *Chiaroscuro* comes a cropper here in humour which is often superficial and contrived, and an idiom which is ambiguous. It was not exactly enhanced, either, by the really excruciating efforts of the local pit orchestra to dispense the Seixas music. They made the Portuguese composer's graceful 18th-century elegance sound for all the world like a dash of Schoenberg. Once through its obligatory stint, however, the orchestra fortunately went home, and the rest of the programme (except for a piano version of Tchaikovsky) was danced to records.

Above all, it was good to see the company back in this country. I hope we shall not lose it again in a hurry.

Noël Goodwin

SECOND PROGRAMME

NO one could ever say that the Western Theatre Ballet does anything by halves, and it was, consequently, no real surprise to find myself travelling to Hanley to see the British premières of no less than four ballets. The programme had clearly been designed to make up a complete evening's entertainment, somewhat on the plan of Robbins's Ballets: U.S.A. Indeed, possibly the ballets had even been *too* carefully planned along the lines of an ideal programme, but more of that later. First, let us have a look at the ballets themselves; they all had their first performance in Britain at the Theatre Royal, Hanley, on February 18.

Musical Chairs

Choreography: Peter Wright. Music: Prokofiev. Décor and Costumes: Kenneth Rowell.

BRENDA LAST HAZEL MERRY
ANNE HYDE ANNA PRICE
LAVERNE MEYER
RICHARD MORRIS OLIVER SYMONS
DENNIS GRIFFITHS

A PROGRAMME note claims that this ballet is "about young people in Paris of the impressionist painters." Well, quite frankly, it isn't. Certainly the costumes and colour are suggestive of the period, but the choreography of this semi-plotless ballet evokes very little. So far as I could see there were eight people in a park, who had no very clear idea of how the game of musical chairs should be played, and consequently carried their stools round with them like dancers in Petit's middle or "chair" period.

This was a pity, because I fancy that had Peter Wright started out with a clearer theme, or at least a more marked intention, he almost certainly would have produced something a good deal more interesting than this blameless but spineless frolic. As in his earlier work, *A Blue Rose,* Wright has managed to create some worthwhile moments — a charming *pas seul* for a lonely girl, or a brisk, chirpy *pas de trois* led by a popular one — but these are outweighed by the padding. Too often here Wright's choreography looks aimless, and simple classical steps are strung together without the powerful shaping hand of a creative purpose being evident.

Unquestionably the most rewarding aspect of the production was Kenneth Rowell's rainbow-coloured décor and costumes. The setting consisted merely of a rickety, multi-coloured kiosk in the centre of the stage, with wings made up of constructivist trees. The costumes were equally

THE PRISONERS: *Suzanne Musitz, as the wife, Erling Sunde and Laverne Meyer as escaped convicts, in Peter Darrell's dramatic ballet, to Bela Bartók music, which has been so successful.*

ST. GEORGE IN PROVENCE: *Sylvia Wellman, Erling Sunde and Suzanne Musitz in Robert Harrold's ballet to Milhaud music which uses a Provençal theme and Provençal dance steps.* *Photos: R. Kayaert.*

gaily coloured, even though the velvet smoking jackets and velvet trousers for men were rather too unimaginatively conventional.

It is almost impossible to say anything about the music because it was played so execrably by the fully paid-up members of the Musicians' Union occupying the orchestra pit, that I must hesitate to pass judgment on its suitability or otherwise. (This sad and sorry band was forced upon the Western Theatre Ballet by the regulations of the Musicians' Union. This Union would possibly win more sympathy from the world outside if it were in a position to guarantee that its members were all first-class musicians. Until that time comes it should hardly be surprised if some organisation actually preferred to use recorded music rather than leave themselves to the mercies of such loyal Union members as they doubtless were in Hanley.)

What immediately became evident during the course of the ballet was that the company had not only acquired one or two useful newcomers since I last saw it, but also its general technical level had risen during their stay on the Continent.

St. George in Provence

Choreography: Robert Harrold. Music: Darius Milhaud. Décor and Costumes: Richard Cattermole.

SYLVIA WELLMAN ERLING SUNDE
SUZANNE MUSITZ

A MILDLY mysterious programme note says: "The colours of St. George are red and white; in this ballet, three Provençale folk dancers in their traditional costumes find themselves re-enacting the ancient legend." Hagiology not being my strongest suit, the only legend I know about Anton Dolin's patron saint is the one where he beats all hell out of the nearest dragon. Consequently I was somewhat puzzled by this simple *pas de trois*, completely failing to understand what it had to do with St. George. However, legendary implications apart, it proved an amusing enough trifle. A man and three women dressed in national Provençal costumes (which look rather like Basque costumes) perform a national Provençal dance (which looked rather like Basque dancing). The emotional entanglements of the three appear to be interlocked, and the two women are rivals for the man's affection, although he has a yen for only one of them.

Robert Harrold's choreography is lively and delightfully unassuming, while the humour is neatly pointed and never exaggerated. Erling Sunde, moustached and woebegone in a floppy red beret, was excellent as the hen-pecked but dead-pan Lothario. He was well supported by the women in his triangle, a giggly girlish Sylvia Wellman, and a not quite mature battle-axe, Suzanne Musitz. It was a funny idea, extremely well executed, but I do wish I had known *just* where St. George came in.

Sonate à Trois

Choreography: Maurice Béjart. Music: Bartók.

The Man ..... ERLING SUNDE
The Girl ..... ANNE HYDE
The Woman ..... SUZANNE MUSITZ

WHILE Western Theatre Ballet were in Brussels they came into contact with the well-known French choreographer, Maurice Béjart. Béjart was so impressed with the ideals and ambitions of the British company that he presented them with *Sonate à Trois* as a gift.

The ballet, which was first given by Béjart's own company on June 19, 1957, is based on Jean-Paul Sartre's play *Huis-Clos*. The play is about Hell, and three people who find themselves in it. Sartre sees his Hell as a room from which there is no escape, where its three inmates play on each other's nerves with the abrasive shriek of chalk on slate. Hell, it seemed to say, is the incompatible stretched to the infinite, where the last hope of human contact has gone and monotony extends before, behind and around, and is all enclosed in the tiny nutshell of a timeless room. This is the situation, but around it Sartre has woven eloquence — three hearts are laid out on a table of dialectic and dissected with a scalpel of logic. The characters are explored, motives analysed, as word is placed on word to make up a brick wall of argument. Very little of this philosophical argument can emerge in dance.

Three chairs, a bright lamp and a dark doorway; two women and a man — these are the materials that Béjart uses. To a background of Bartók's Sonata for two pianos and Percussion the three dancers prowl as warily as caged cats, and gradually some impression of relationships emerges. A young girl, let us call her Estelle, wants the man, Garcin, but Garcin wants the other woman, Ines, and Ines wants (go on, just guess) Estelle — it is what the cliché-writers call "a vicious circle". But here I am remembering the play rather than relying on the action of the ballet. Admittedly you might guess that one of the women was a lesbian — certainly she keeps on making erotic passes at the other girl, but I wonder whether even this would be apparent to an audience knowing nothing of the play. And as for realising that the man was meant to be a coward who considered that his chance of salvation depended on being understood by the lesbian, such a literary pattern is quite beyond the narrative power of dancing.

What then is left? Nothing, or so it seems to me, but unduly portentous choreography loaded down with phoney significance, yet devoid of any real meaning; yearning gestures, distraught grimaces, arms outstretched in supplication, legs extended in sexual agony — if Hell is monotony, then this is Hell. But one can never really portray monotony theatrically just by being monotonous, just as with the presentation of boredom, the spectator must be detached so that he can observe the face of boredom, yet never himself be bored.

It is not unlikely that Béjart's ballet would have been a good deal more effective with its original cast. Like so many French ballets, it probably depends for its spirit and atmosphere on the personalities of its original dancers — after all what was Petit's *Carmen* without Jeanmaire? Yet, this all-important proviso apart, I feel that the Western Theatre dancers did fair justice to Béjart's conception. The intelligent Erling Sunde is a master of intense soul-searching, a virtuoso of the clenched-muscle school. He did his best to make his agony explicit, or if not explicit, at least communicable. Suzanne Musitz also made a brave shot at the lesbian, showing sinuous strength and a dark smile, while Anne Hyde, perhaps a shade too Anglo-Saxon for unbridled lasciviousness, danced well, more distracted than distraught.

Bal de la Victoire

Choreography: Peter Darrell. Music: Kuhlau and Lumbye. Décor and Costumes: Barry Kay.

The Host ..... ERLING SUNDE
His Wife ..... SUZANNE MUSITZ
Their Daughter ..... HAZEL MERRY
A Latecomer ..... ANNE HYDE
The Hero ..... DENNIS GRIFFITHS
Guests and Officers

A BALLET, and here I am generalising wildly, should either tell a story or set a mood. Now this is a whopping great simplification, for not only do some ballets, like *Night Shadow,* fall into both categories, but it also groups together works as diverse as *Concerto Barrocco* and *Les Patineurs.* Nevertheless it has the first requisite of a working rule — it works.

The crushing fault of Peter Darrell's *Bal de la Victoire* is that it succeeds under neither of these two headings. True there is some slight story-line, but this slender narrative of flirtatious encounters between fair maidens and gallant officers does not hold the interest. This would not matter — for whoever sat through *Carnaval* merely to find out what happened? — if Darrell had been able to establish the atmosphere of a ball at the turn of the 18th-century, the nuance of Jane Austen heroines and Tolstoy's Napoleonic officers, or perhaps just a feeling of regret for times past, of transitory pleasure, indeed, of anything that would have evoked some consistent, tangibly intangible, response that one could have held on to during the ballet and carried away after the performance.

Other people, other stimuli; possibly another person would have reacted more positively to Darrell's ballet, but to me it meant disappointingly little. It seemed an unpretentious work that had quite a lot to be unpretentious about. At his best, Darrell is an extremely accomplished choreographer, yet too often he is like a fluent and brilliant speaker who somehow fails to clinch his argument. He needs to regard his work much more critically, to prune it, weed it, and watch its shape. There were one or two delightful things in this ballet, an entrance here, an *ensemble* there, but Darrell seemed to have no very clear idea of exactly what he was trying to do, and permitted the work to meander on. If this criticism sounds unduly harsh, I can only say, firstly, that I have never believed in that double-standard of criticism that sets up one set of standards for the sheep and another for the lambs, and, secondly that in any case a man who has created *The Prisoners* has entered the top league of choreographers and must evermore be judged accordingly.

The music, charming, old-fashioned and suitable, was taken principally from Kuhlau's *Elverhoj,* although some pieces by Lumbye had been added to the score, and it seemed peculiarly perverse of the programme not to have mentioned it. Probably the best aspect of the ballet was its décor by Barry Kay. The sepia and scarlet-wash scenery proved both clever and attractive, while the well-cut costumes were sumptuous and elegant.

The ballet was also well danced. Erling Sunde and Suzanne Musitz as the Host and Hostess who attempt, somewhat spasmodically, to flirt with the younger generation, did their best to lend character to characterless rôles, while Hazel Merry was pert and attractive as their daughter. Dennis Griffiths, a notable acquisition to the company, danced confidently as an easily conquering Hero, even though he was possibly a shade too preoccupied with his impressive, if occasionally still slightly ragged, technique to do much acting. Probably the most stylish performance came from Anne Hyde as the cooly svelte *femme fatale* as indispensable to a Victory Ball as the chandeliers and champagne.

EPILOGUE

ONE thing emerged, or was it just my imagination? from this programme, and that was that the Western Theatre Ballet seem far less determined than previously to rub the noses of the provincial bourgeoisie in the dust. The programme gave every evidence of having been planned as a whole but also having been planned with a popular audience in view. It had a beginning, a middle and an end, and it was possibly one of the weaknesses of both *Musical Chairs* and *Bal de la Victoire* that they had been devised too consciously as opening and closing ballets, bearing little weight and possessing only marginal importance.

Another aspect of this popularisation trend was the inclusion in the programme of two classical excerpts, on this occasion the *Casse Noisette pas de deux* and the *Swan Lake pas de trois.* The first was excitingly danced by Brenda Last and Oliver Symons. Neither dancer is truly a classicist, yet Last has a very strong, clean technique, and Symons shows an engaging personality, good elevation and *ballon* and a forthright, though far from impeccable, dance style. Their *pas de deux* work was good and included some really exciting leaps into a fish dive, that I have previously only seen

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NON-STOP: *Dennis Griffiths, Hazel Merry and Oliver Symons in Peter Darrell's mildly macabre parody of rock 'n' roll.*

BAL DE LA VICTOIRE: *A scene from Peter Darrell's new work, to Kuhlau and Lumbye music and designed by Barry Kay.*

Two New Works for the Paris Opéra

BALLROOM SCENE: In the first of the flash-back scenes in this ballet version of Dumas' La Dame aux Camélias, *Marguerite (Chauviré, left) is seen at the ball where she first met Armand.* *Photo: Lido.*

La Dame aux Camélias

CREATORS: Seated in the stalls of the Paris Opéra, discussing the problems of the ballet, are: George Skibine (in his costume for Armand), Tatiana Gzovsky (choreographer), Jacques Dupont (designer), Yvette Chauviré (in her costume for Marguerite) and Henri Sauguet (composer). *Photo: Lido.*

A ballet in two acts and five scenes by Tatiana Gzovsky. First danced at the Berlin Festival, September 30, 1957. Revived at the Paris Opéra in a longer version on February 3, 1960. Based on the novel by Alexandre Dumas. Music: Henri Sauguet. Choreography: Tatiana Gzovsky. Décors and costumes by Jacques Dupont.

Cast

Marguerite ..... YVETTE CHAUVIRE
Armand ..... GEORGE SKIBINE
Prudence ..... MADELEINE LAFON
Comte de Varville ..... MAX BOZZONI
The Vision of Marguerite JOSETTE AMIEL
Armand's Father ..... M. BLANC
Mazurka Dancers:
JACQUELINE RAYET,
ATTILIO LABIS,
CLAIRE MOTTE
and *corps de ballet*

WHETHER as Marguerite in *Camille* or as Violetta in *La Traviata,* the romantic personality of the real-life Marie Duplessis still appeals to the theatre's greatest artists. In recent years both Maria Callas and Edwige Feuillère have given unforgettable portrayals of the rôle. Perhaps, therefore, it was only natural that Yvette Chauviré should in her turn be attracted to a part which provides such scope for her poetc lyricism and dramatic gifts . So it was to her that Henri Sauguet dedicated his score three years ago, and she created the rôle in Tatiana Gzovsky's choreography at the Berlin Festival on September 30, 1957. Her

outstanding performance then as now constituted the main interest of a work which is not otherwise above criticism.

On the credit side, the plan of the choreography is ingenious. It is based on the cinematic flashback technique. At the auction following Marguerite Gautier's death, furniture, jewels and souvenirs are being bought, and Armand, in his sadness, evokes her dead spirit. When he sees the dress she wore on their first meeting, he successfully bids for it and, pressing this delicate garment to him, he starts to re-live the highlights of their life together. The ball where he first sees her, their charming retreat at Bougival, their brutal break, the painful scene in the casino's gaming room, and her death in the solitary room which is being devastated today.

If the realisation of this ingenious structure proves disapointing, it is doubtless due to the mistake of transferring to a large canvas a work whose charm lies in its novelettish atmosphere. Instead of an exquisite miniature, in the guise of an authentic portrait of the heroine, we are confronted by a vast fresco peopled by shadowy, undefined characters.

The ballet, which runs an hour and a half and contains five scenes, is over-long. The Bougival episode in particular, added since the Berlin production, is superfluous, and the mute injunctions of Armand's Father appear clumsy. Dancing should suggest, not explain ! Moreover, by being extended to the proportions of this vast stage, Marguerite's bedroom and salon lose all sense of intimacy, and such accessories as the armchairs and lamps are quite out of proportion. This is the work's major fault, and it is one accentuated by inadequate production. The lighting, in particular, is faulty, and both the *corps de ballet* and technicians are uncertain.

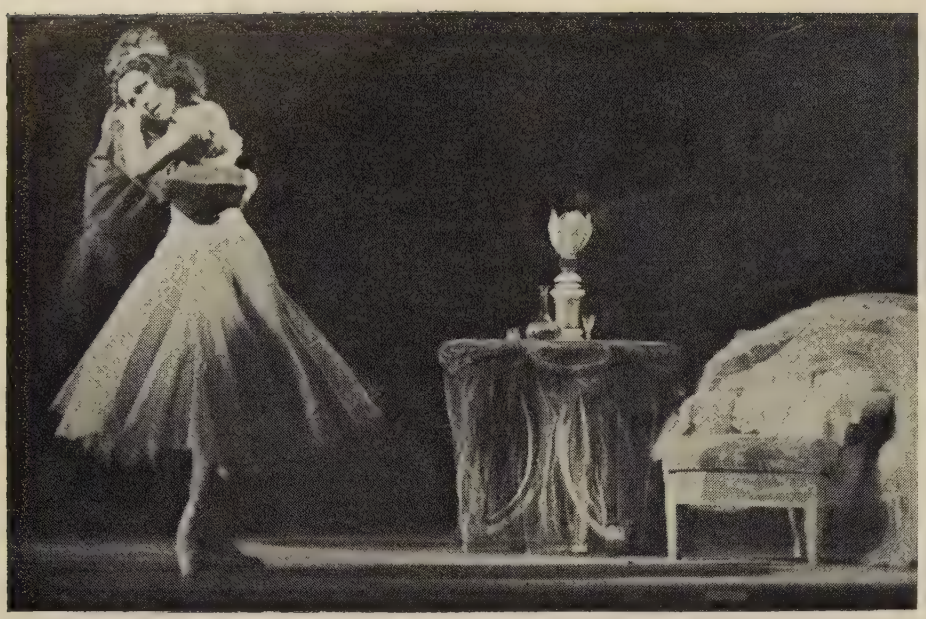
Tatiana Gzovsky's choreography, bereft of originality and often even of smoothness, does little towards capturing the romantic climate. There is too little characterisation. And there is an overall limitation in the dance vocabulary of the *ensembles,* where there is also little scope or touches of individuality. The brilliant *variation* of Marguerite's Vision at Bougival, one or two of the *adages* as transfigured by Yvette Chauviré, and the Mazurka, are among the ballet's few memorable moments.

AT BOUGIVAL : Yvette Chauviré, as Marguerite, and George Skibine, as Armand, in the scene at Bougival. Here Armand and Marguerite go to live in the country, where they enjoy an idyllic love affair. Their idyll is interrupted by the appearance of Armand's father, who begs Marguerite to release his son. *Photo: Lido.*

From a psychological viewpoint, the Casino scene carries little conviction. What do we see? A place of ill-repute, as un-Parisian as possible, where the "ladies" display themselves in the most questionable taste. Suddenly, instead of the infamous "Nana" we expect, appears a woman dressed in black and blazing with diamonds. Marguerite is obviously out of place in such company. This episode also makes it hard to understand how she can later assume such virtuous airs when Armand accuses her of venality.

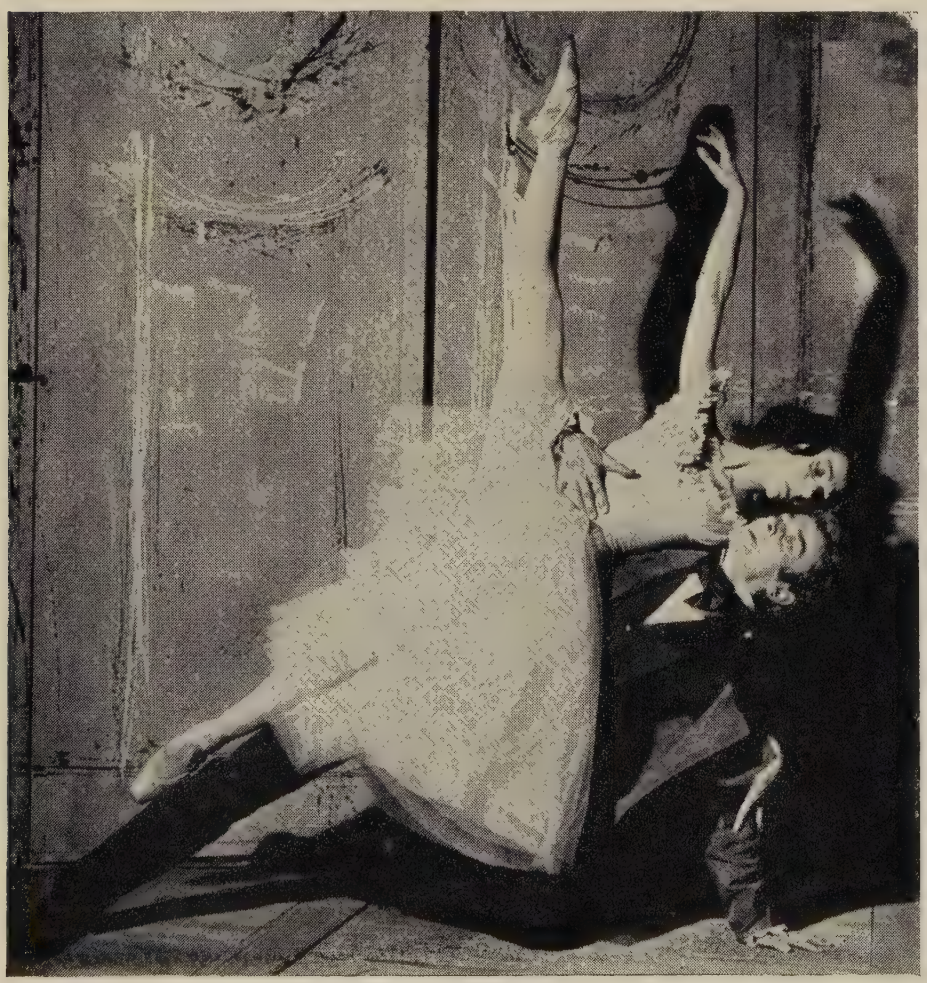
Yvette Chauviré is moving, graceful and dignified, and she brings to her portrait of Marguerite Gautier all the subtleties of an art that is at its peak. Her smallest movement — a *relevé sur pointe* or *arabesque* — is endowed with astonishing poetry. While the work remains her triumph, her subtle

THE GAMING ROOM : Marguerite, having renounced Armand, returns to her old life. But Armand, who has never forgotten her, goes to the Casino which he knows she frequents. Their meeting is stormy, as will be seen in the picture of the pas de deux *on the right. In the picture on the left are seen Marguerite's associate courtesan, Prudence (Madeleine Lafon), with two admirers — Max Bozzoni and Attilio Labis.* *Photo : Lido.*



THE DEATH OF MARGUERITE: Marguerite, the disease of tuberculosis now bringing her close to death, and most of the wealth she accumulated having vanished, lives in one room in near-poverty. She has kept away from Armand during these last years but their love is as strong as ever. He comes to see her but does not realise just how ill she really is. For a few brief moments their love is re-kindled and they realise that for each of them their love has been all that really mattered — then she dies in his arms.

Studying the pictures of Chauviré in the photos on this and the two previous pages, it can be seen how remarkably she portrays the gradual decline of the grand courtesan. Photos: Lido.



performance could have been shown to better advantage; emphasised and underlined. She is too often lost in the maze of a distorted background. There are too many distractions. Thus the ultimate dramatic impact is lost.

In her effortless and brilliant appearances, Josette Amiel made a magnificent second to Chauviré. George Skibine, on the other hand, lacked the juvenile fervour and the amorous conviction necessary for his not very danceable rôle. Madeleine Lafon was a sympathetic Prudence, though handicapped by a frightful red wig. In the fourth scene, Jacqueline Rayet, Claire Motte and Attilio Labis displayed dazzling verve in a Mazurka "à la Petipa", though this dance had little bearing on the action. Finally, both Max Bozzoni and M. Blanc lent sobriety and dignity to their studies of Varville and the Father.

Henri Sauguet's score is undoubtedly interesting in the mood it evokes, but it has neither the rhythmic appeal nor the theatrical sense of his compositions for *Les Forains* and *Les Mirages*, and, furthermore, it is not well suited to the dance. The autumnal shades of Jacques Dupont's décors are most interesting, though neither their realisation nor the lighting fully respects them. The backcloth for the second scene would be ideal for Ravel's *La Valse*. With a few exceptions, that for Prudence especially, the costumes were well chosen.

Marie-Françoise Christout.

Qarrtsiluni

Ballet in one act by Harald Lander. Music: Knudage Riisager. Choreography and production by Harald Lander. Décor and costumes by Bernard Daydé.

The Magician ... MICHEL DESCOMBEY
with members of the *corps de ballet*
and *Ecole de Danse*.

THIS work was originally created for the Royal Danish Ballet in Copenhagen on February 22, 1942. By now it is fairly well known and has been danced in England when the Royal Danish Ballet first appeared at Covent Garden a few years ago.

It presents to us an Eskimo magician performing his magic rituals in the long Polar nights. The winter ends and dancers greet the sun and the promise of Spring and Summer. At the time the work was first presented, Denmark was occupied by the Nazis and the ballet had for the Danish people a certain significance as it symbolised their hopes of eventually throwing off the Nazi yoke. However, today in Denmark, a new generation has arisen that knew little of these matters, and the ballet stands on its own merits as an exciting theatrical spectacle.

In Paris over the past few years, the visits of African troupes and other companies to the Théâtre des Nations have familiarised scenes depicting witchcraft and sacred trances, so to a French audience such spectacles are not so surprising.

Harald Lander's minutely observed Lapp evocation is based on very simple principles, although the bitter cold of this region would surely paralyse the slow evolutions performed so relentlessly and so effectively with a tambourine by Michel Descombey. The company danced the work with skill and precision.

It is a pity that the theme bears such a strong resemblance to *Le Sacre du Printemps*, and for which Stravinsky wrote such a magnificent score. The music by Knudage Riisager for the present work is completely

eclipsed by the memory of the former.

The whole production is enhanced by the superb décors and costumes of Bernard Daydé. In an igloo, where vast blocks of ice glisten gently, the vivid and harmoniously blended costumes lend singular relief to the groups of dancers who are motionless for long passages in the early parts of the ballet. Over the years Daydé has developed a very personal style of designing. From being a rather conventional designer he has gradually attuned himself to contemporary mood and thought. His stage pictures are as ingenious and theatrically effective as they are right for the particular subject or theme in question. With this work for the Opéra he has reaffirmed his status as one of the most brilliant decorators of contemporary ballet. **Marie-Françoise Christout.**

NEXT MONTH

LOOK for a cover of the combined season of the Théâtre de la Monnaie, at the Sadler's Wells Theatre, on the cover of the May issue of Dance and Dancers. **INSIDE :** In addition to all the regular features there will be pictures and reviews of BALLET VENTURES 1960, of the season of RAM GOPAL with ALICIA MARKOVA and of the revival of BALLABILE at Covent Garden. There will be an appreciation of the work of the late ALEXANDRE BENOIS. Designing of students from the Slade School will be discussed together with pictures of their setting and costumes for CREATION DU MOND.

On sale April 20

QARRTSILUNI : *Two scenes from Harald Lander's revival of his own Eskimo ballet, first created in Copenhagen. At the top of the page is the full stage showing Bernard Daydé's much-praised setting. Right, Michel Descombey as the Magician who dances all through the ballet. Photos : Lido.*

Romantic Ballerinas in Dublin

2. FANNY ELSSLER

Introduced by IVOR GUEST

THEATRE ROYAL, DUBLIN.
MR. CALCRAFT

BEGS respectfully to announce that, anxious to present the Public with the highest order of talent in every department, he has, AT AN ENORMOUS EXPENSE, effected an Engagement with the unrivalled Dancer,

MADEMOISELLE FANNY ELSSLER,

Principal Artiste of her Majesty's Theatre, of the Academie Royal, Paris, and of the leading Theatres on the Continent, for Four Nights only, which engagement cannot possibly be renewed or prolonged.

To commence on SATURDAY, AUGUST 26th, 1843.

MONSIEUR SILVAIN,
First Dancer of her Majesty's Theatre, and
MADAME PROCHE GIUBILEI,
Principal Dancer of her Majesty's Theatre,
Are expressly engaged to appear on the occasion.

The Performances will commence with the Comedy of
CATHARINE AND PETRUCHIO.
Petruchio, Mr. Calcraft; Catharine, Miss Chalmers.

After which will be produced a Grand Romantic Ballet, called
GISELLE; OR, THE WILLIS!
Founded on a remarkable and highly Romantic German Superstition.

With entirely new Scenery, Machinery, Dresses, and Decorations.

Giselle, Mademoiselle Fanny Elssler; Myrtha, Madame Proche Giubilei; Duke of Silesia, Monsieur Silvain.

Between the acts of the Ballet the Band will play the popular OVERTURE TO "O'DONOGHOE OF THE LAKES."

The Ballet will be produced under the direction of Mons. Barnet, who is engaged expressly for that purpose, with, also, a Full and Efficient Corps De Ballet.

Doors will open at Seven o'clock, and the performance will commence at Eight precisely.

No Second Price.

FANNY ELSSLER, the lovely Viennese ballerina who had moved so many audiences with her penetrating dramatic gifts, returned to Europe in 1842 after a fabulously triumphant tour of America. The following year, she was engaged at Her Majesty's Theatre, London, where she electrified the public with her performance in *Giselle,* then quite a new ballet, having been created at the Paris Opéra only two years before.

Such was her renown at this time that many Dubliners must have been filled with excitement when they opened their *Freeman's Journal* on August 14th, 1843, to learn that the manager of the Theatre Royal, Mr. Calcraft, had "AT AN ENORMOUS EXPENSE" engaged this "unrivalled dancer", who was to make her first appearance in the city on the 26th. They were to see her, too, in *Giselle,* which Mr. Barnet was to produce with a "Full and Efficient *Corps De Ballet*". A great treat indeed was in store for the Dubliners, as the *Freeman's Journal* promised on the eve of the great ballerina's Irish début :

"SINCE the period when Henry Johnston engaged Degville, De Hayes, and others, at the Peter Street theatre — now rather a matter of history than recollection — there has never been a complete and perfect *Corps de Ballet* in Dublin. We have occasionally had a single dancer of celebrity — a Taglioni, for instance, astonishing as well as delighting an audience ; but the romance, and sentiment, and plot, and construction of a regular ballet — its fascinations and attractions — the gratification it produces in representation — the pleasurable sensations it leaves on the memory — these are things wholly and utterly unknown to the great majority of Dublin play-goers. To Mr. Calcraft — the untiring caterer for public amusement combined with instruction, for on his boards, or in his house, everything is eschewed tending to demoralise or disgust — to Mr. Calcraft they will be indebted for the rich trait that now awaits them. He has engaged the celebrated, and justly celebrated, Fanny Elssler — whose fame has been established in every theatre in Europe, and whose professional reputation stands equally high at the other sides of the Atlantic — at an enormous expense, and for a limited number of nights. This fascinating lady arrived at Kingstown this morning, and will make her first appearance on Saturday evening, assisted and supported by Mons. Silvain, Madame Giubilei, and a competent number of figurantes and others necessary to give full *eclat* to the pieces intended for representation. As a dancer, Mademoiselle Fanny Elssler is at the very head of her profession ; but as a pantomimic actress — as one capable of giving to impersonations the strongest and the deepest effect, by mute but eloquent action — she has never had a rival. There is no sentiment by which the human mind can be effected — no passion by which the human heart is capable of being agitated, that is not pourtrayed by this charming and accomplished *artist* with a truthfulness to nature, and a fidelity as to look and gesticulation, that at once convinces those who are under her spell that her powers are of no ordinary description, or her sway of no common order. It is fascination, and no language can convey an idea of its effect. If we be not greatly mistaken, this species of talent will not only be understood but appreciated in Dublin, and we look to have crowded houses every evening during her limited engagement. Mr. Calcraft has so arranged matters that the performances will be over in sufficient time for such persons as live along the line of the Kingstown Railway to return by the train that leaves at eleven o'clock."

NO one can have been disappointed, by either the dancer or the ballet, and least of all the critic of the *Freeman's Journal,* whose long review of *Giselle* appeared in the issue of August 28 :

CRACOVIENNE (right) : Fanny Elssler in her costume for her famous Cracovienne solo. This print is in the collection of W. Beaumont Morris. At the top of this page is an announcement of Fanny Elssler's Irish début as it appeared in the Freeman's Journal.

"WE do not recollect even to have witnessed a more densely-thronged house at Hawkin's-street than that which the *début* of Fanny Elssler on Saturday evening attracted. At a quarter before seven o'clock, more than an hour previous to the commencement of the performance, the crowd in waiting at the pit door extended to the box entrance, and a long way into the yard. When the doors opened the rush was terrific, and all the inconvenience which that most awkward and ill-arranged of passages, the pit passage of the Theatre Royal, Dublin, usually affords, were exaggerated in a tenfold degree — torn coats, screaming women, and quarrelling men, being the order of the night. There certainly should be devised some means on these crowded nights to lessen the sufferings of the martyrs who attempt the pit passage. In the interior of the house the scene was magnificent — from the footlights to the back row of the upper gallery there was not an inch of even standing room unoccupied, and the doors of the various boxes thrown open were crowded with anxious spectators who could not find room in the house. The little piece of *Blue Devils,* with which the performances commenced, was but little attended to, and the impatience of the audience was manifested pretty loudly when a delay of some length occurred between its conclusion and the commencement of the overture to the ballet. At length the curtain rose, and disclosed a beautiful scene. But here we must give the plot of the ballet — of which, by the way, the manager should have had the programme in the bills ; it takes away much from the pleasure of the audience, not understanding the plot, and even the exquisite pantomime of Fanny Elssler will sometimes fail in conveying it distinctly. The Willis are a species of spirits, who, according to the tradition of Bohemia, haunt graveyards ; their delight is in dancing, and whenever they meet with an unwary wayfarer, they, by their allurements, seduce him to join their mazy dance. Once within their influence, he perseveres till death is the consequence of yielding to their wiles. *Giselle* is a country girl, who has by her attractions won the heart of the *Duke of Silesia,* and at the opening of the ballet is about being united to him, but from the machinations of a discarded suitor, she becomes subject to the Willis, and on the very day of her intended wedding dies. In the second act, we are introduced to all the wild freaks of the Willis, of whom *Myrtha* (Madame Proche Giubilei) is the queen. The spirit of *Myrtha* re-animates her body, and she joins in all the wild and unearthly dances of the Willis ; her lover comes to visit her grave, and is enraptured to find her, as he thinks, restored to life. *Myrtha* insists on *Giselle* exerting all her attractions to allure her lover into the fatal round. The recollection of her love on the one hand, and the power of the Queen on the other, animate her contending emotions. She uses every effort to warn her lover of his danger whilst, at the same time, she is compelled to practice every charm to render her warnings ineffectual. She is finally successful in saving her lover, and though not restored to life herself, she escapes the power of the Willis. Such is the meagre outline — who can describe how it was filled in by genius? The playful coquetry, the arch tenderness, the graceful "abandon" of the loving girl, the tragic terror of her death, the exuberant wildness and contending emotions of her spiritual state, each and all afforded opportunities to the unrivalled mistress of pantomime to delight, astonish, and melt into sorrow the wondering spectators. And during all this she was dancing — dancing ;

LA DELIRE D'UN PEINTRE : *Fanny Elssler in a scene from* La Délire d'un Peintre *with Jules Perrot, who appeared in the production of the ballet produced in London a few days before Elssler went to Dublin.*

but we prefer giving the observations of the able critic of the *Times* to anything we could say on this head :

" ' "Impossibility" is a word not to be found in Fanny Elssler's dictionary. "Was ich will, das kann ich," is the short summary of all Fichte's philosophy, and may be considered the motto of Fanny Elssler. Is there some wonderful attitude, the impossibility of which could be clearly demonstrated by any anatomical lecturer? Fanny Elssler executes it. And all the time she looks as if it were no such extraordinary effort — she rather seems as if she condescended to do it, and could, if she pleased, do something ten times more marvellous. A fine study is Fanny Elssler's countenance. That pride just softened down with a little archness, that perfectly quiet expression, while the feet are going through the most wondrous evolutions. All she does is daring, sparkling, brilliant, but she calmly smiles at her own achievements. Where she ceases to be a dancer, and becomes an actress, how great is her power ! We have not a single performer in any of our theatres who can express emotions by words with so much force and truth as Fanny Elssler does by gesture alone. Those who have merely seen her dance know but half her worth. The conception of *Giselle* was the height of tragic art — the problem to be solved was the union of the earthly with the supernatural, and admirably solved it was. The flashing wild eyes and the unmirthful mouth were thrilling — once to be seen never to be forgotten.'

"Mons. Silvain is greatly improved. Indeed we know of no male dancer, except Perrot and St. Leon, who at all approach him. He was most warmly received by the house, as was also Madame Proche Giubilei, who was very effective in the part of *Myrtha.* The scenery was entirely new and most beautiful."

MR. CALCRAFT succeeded in persuading Fanny Elssler to extend her engagement from four nights to seven, and on September 2nd she appeared in *Nathalie,* a ballet originally produced by Filippo Taglioni more than twenty years before. The version which Fanny Elssler danced in Dublin was produced by Silvain and Barnet.

"She looked divinely," wrote the *Freeman's Journal* on September 4th, "and danced as she alone can dance, with stateliness, dignity, and ease —

'With emphasis, and also with good sense,
A thing in footing indispensable' —

with elegance ineffable, and with a degree of gracefulness in her minutest movements which we were heretofore inclined to believe could be only characteristic of a higher order of beings, and which might almost induce a rational man to the opinion that Fanny does not participate in our common humanity, but is a stray Peri, or something brighter still, sent to this sublunary world to dazzle, entrance and bewilder us. Her performance on Saturday evening was a feast for Herod the Tetrach, could he have come on earth again to enjoy it. The audience were most enthusiastic in their demonstrations of applause, particularly the celestial portion of them — the gods — whose rapture knew no bounds. On one occasion, after the *danseuse* had executed a variety of intricate and picturesque evolutions with an elegant expertness which challenged universal admiration, they exclaimed with one voice, 'More power, Fanny!' This characteristic Hibernicism appeared to tickle the fancy of the fascinating *figurante,* who could not refrain from laughter, and rewarded her admirers in the gallery with a gracious salutation, which drew down peals of applause.

"Mademoiselle Elssler was well supported by Madame Proche Giubilei and Monsieur Silvain, whose efforts were duly appreciated by the audience. The *mise en scene* of the ballet was very creditable, and Monsieur Barnet's 'drilled nymphs' got smoothly through their business.

"After the ballet Fanny Elssler danced the *Cracovienne* in a style the remembrance of which must have been highly injurious to the rest of the great majority of the audience. For ourselves we lay awake half the night thinking of her.

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CUADRO FLAMENCO : Members of the Zambra group accompanying the dancers with guitars and palmas *(hand-claps).* *Photo : Jesús Nuño.*

Flamenco Madrilene

The Zambra Flamenco Club of Madrid, leaving its home in a cellar and appearing in the theatre, opened its first London season at the Palace Theatre on February 8.

by PETER WILLIAMS

PERFORMANCE GETS GOING : One of the dancers gets up and starts to dance. *Photo : Dominic.*

"FOR the best flamenco," declared the enthusiastic Spaniard, "you must go to Madrid." Forgetting the fact that Madrid is in the heart of Castile and that flamenco emanates mainly from Andalusia, I have now come to believe that the Spaniard's statement is true. After years of searching across the scorched diaphragm of Andalusia and many hours spent in caves and taverns, I have found the entertainment offered is principally hectic, ear-splitting, noisy and automatically turned on and off for tourists. Very rarely will the most persistent traveller hit upon the moment of truth. That moment when, at an hour when the average Londoner is preparing to leave for the office, the "duende" or demon enters a gypsy in a cave or at a private party in some place such as Cordova or Malaga and he or she will arise transfigured — a deity seemingly controlled by power belonging to the world when it was younger. Such moments are known only to very few foreigners to the Iberian peninsula.

The average voyager, with little time to spare before passing on to the next country, thirsts for what he believes to be the real Spain — its bull fights and its flamenco — and in this respect the gypsies are only too ready to oblige. They have cashed in on this universal thirst and they know that when they have stamped, shouted, clapped and agonised for one party of tourists, then there is another party waiting, and off it all starts again — the stamping, the shouting, the clapping and the agonising. What is more, they have a gimmick in that they get their children involved in these spirited goings-on and little dolls, in grown-up flamenco dress, who are just old enough to toddle, will go through automatic motions — thus to the vast majority of gypsies is tradition unfortunately handed down.

I remember that great former dancer and present teacher, Regla Ortega, summing it all up very neatly on one sweltering hot evening in her Madrid studio which was situated in one of those buildings which house many dance studios. For hours she had been instilling her wonderful style into a handful of dancers. Sometimes she would arise and demonstrate a few steps and then her rather stunted figure would assume great majesty ; after that she would sink back on to a chair, fan herself violently, glower and shout invective at her pupils who rightly hung on her every word. Suddenly the heat became too much for her and she asked for the windows to be opened — immediately there was such a cacophany of shrieking and stamping as would awaken the dead. "There you see," she muttered furiously with a shrug, "all that noise and what emerges? a lot of —" and here she used a four-letter word printed in full in American novels but not so far gracing the pages of *Dance and Dancers*. On seeing that I understood she burst into wild cackles. "But it's true, all they think of today is making as much noise as possible." Mercifully there are still a few teachers like Regla Ortega and some others in Madrid and Seville who can instil some of the majesty of flamenco into the present generation.

Given that few of us have access to the private parties where gypsies dance, or have time to await the demon arising, then the next best thing is the theatre or some of the flamenco clubs. In the theatre it was Argentinita who pinned down the elusive spirit of flamenco and brought it inside the proscenium arch, and what she captured she handed on to her sister Pilar Lopez. Who in their turn, and in this respect must have inspired to a certain extent the very personal style of the then youthful Antonio Ruiz, who has blazoned his name across the

CANTE CHICO: Three dancers in the opening half of the programme. Left, Antonio Heredia in a Farucca. *Right, Salome de Cordoba and Juan Maya in a* Seguiriya.

Photos: Mavion.

world as Antonio. Then there is that reigning gypsy from Barcelona, Carmen Amaya, who somehow disciplined her tribe into forming a frame for her dynamic personality. And of course the great Escudero should never be forgotten. These people and those they have inspired have brought flamenco to people and places far removed from its Andalusian source, but it is rare that you can see any of them in Spain.

So in order that the traveller and also the Spaniards themselves may get a chance to see and hear flamenco in some kind of ordered fashion, a number of clubs have been organised, and one of these is Zambra in Madrid. It was in 1956 that I first visited this cellar in the Ruiz de Alarçon, which lies at the back of the Prado. In a long, narrow and spotlessly clean room you sit at tables drinking while the Cuadro Flamenco performs on a small stage at one end. Compared to some of the flamenco manifestations I encountered in other parts of Spain, this all had style and and discipline without lacking anything in excitement. The director, Senor Casares, had gone to great pains to preserve the old Café-Cantante of the last century.

In those days there was a certain amount of audience participation which I believe to be essential to flamenco. By this I do not mean incessant shouting, so that it is impossible to hear what is going on but remarks and "olés" from spectators at the right moments. Flamenco is an intimate and all-embracing art and the right atmosphere is as essential to it as water is to a plant. In those days I felt that Zambra had achieved the right balance. Writing about it in *Dance and Dancers* I answered the question I was asked about the possible exportability of Zambra. I wrote that the answer was decidedly "yes" but with one very important reservation, the atmosphere must be retained. "It would be no use putting this on in the ordinary London theatre as the whole thing must be kept intimate, with the audience sitting at tables, drinking and smoking at ease and forming an integral part of the whole show. The establishment in London with the greatest affinity to Zambra is the Players' Theatre Club, which, in many ways, could be called its English counterpart."

An attempt was made to bring the group to the Players', but nothing came of it. Later Zambra visited some festivals in Spain and I think also appeared at the Brussels World Fair. When Leon Hepner told me a few weeks ago that he hoped to bring the group to the Palace Theatre I was rather apprehensive, but as I gathered the company was then appearing with great success at the Théâtre des Champs-Elysées in Paris, which is far less intimate even than the Palace, I assumed that some sort of theatrical presentation had been devised.

On the opening night of Zambra's first London season at the Palace on February 8, my fears were hardly allayed even before the curtain rose by a programme statement that flamenco required to be listened to in silence, a silence which it was hoped that the audience would observe. The curtain then went up on an exact reproduction of the stage in the Madrid club. But as this stage was also set upon the real stage, it became even more remote and somehow it seemed like looking at something through the wrong end of a telescope.

Originally when I saw the company in Madrid the programme was divided into three parts opening with a Cante Chico group, followed by a middle section with Rosa Duran and singers in Cante Jondo and finally back to Cante Chico again. This made a well-balanced programme, whereas in London the programme was only in two parts, ending with Cante Jondo and a rather sombre ending to the evening. But if these faults were serious, nothing to my mind was so disastrous as the complete lack of atmosphere and accord between performers and audience. To be pinioned down in a theatre seat without a cigarette or cigar, without a brandy or a glass of Manzanilla, without the contact between fellow guests that is only possible at a table, and the whole spectacle is thrown out of focus — or rather a new focus is thrown on to the artists. This new focus did not show them up in a better light.

Zambra calls itself a "Tablado de Flamenco" (a Flamenco cabaret), and the approach to cabaret is something very different to the approach to anything framed by a proscenium arch in a real theatre. This undeniable fact has been learnt by every great artist appearing in both environments and by every impresario who presents them. By leaving the cave and coming above ground into the theatre, Zambra immediately invites comparison with every one of the great companies who have appeared in London theatres and with all the artists who have appeared with them. This does not mean that the Zambra dancers are not good, they are nearly all good in their own environment, some are very good, but they just have not brought their own environment with them.

The curtain rises on a drop curtain representing the approach to the Zambra in Madrid; this in turn rises on the little stage with the artists seated round forming three sides of a square. There are no apparent exits and it becomes obvious that we are to see this same group in this same formation for possibly an hour or so. Dancers get up and do their numbers and then return to their chair to sit and clap the artists following them. To the person coming to the theatre attuned to accepting a theatrical presentation, this kind of thing becomes boring. They don't even show us anything different from the usual gamut of flamenco — the *Tanguillo*, the *Soleares*, the *Alegrías*, the *Farruca*, the *Bulerias* or the *Seguiriya* — which is a pity because there are still so many sides of flamenco which London has not seen almost to saturation point.

As this is an attempt to reproduce the old Café-Cantante of the last century, I was surprised that more attempt was not also made to reproduce the costumes of that period, particularly when it came to the skirts of the girls. For in this opening part they were all far too short, for whenever a dancer turned, the audience was treated to a greater vista of leg than can

even be seen in those very brief French tutus — one dancer had red knickers. Now this is all well and fine in the music-hall or revue but in something with pretensions of being more serious it strikes an unfortunate note. Apart from anything else, the skirt plays an important part in many of these flamenco dances as it forms a perfect composition with the upper part of the body and the arms. Take away as much of the skirt as has been chopped off here and the true beauty of line vanishes. It is only in *zapateado* when the female Spanish dancer is permitted to reveal so much leg.

Therefore of the four young girls appearing in the first part of the programme — Carmela Abadia, Tere Oro, Maria Medina and Loli Jimenez — the general impression left was of efficiency, slickness and very little feeling and a certain spikiness in their arms. It was only Teresa Maya, older and more experienced than the above-mentioned, who brought about any of the *frisson* that flamenco at its best should always provoke. With her it was possible to imagine a power-drive behind those rippling arms, those twists and turns.

All through this first part I noticed a beautiful girl who was seated down stage right in front of the footlights. In her black dress, longer than the others, she had great elegance, and I felt somehow that she was the plum being kept for the last. When she finally arose to dance a *Seguiriya* with Juan Maya, she remained, this Salome de Cortoba, just a beautiful girl. No Cordoban Herod would have given her a Cordoban John the Baptist's head — not for her dancing at any rate.

STAR DANCER: Rosa Duran, the star of Zambra, with the famous guitarist Perico del Lunar. *Photo: Jesús Nuño.*

The men were a very different dish of Paella. Of course the men in flamenco, as in all Spanish dancing, have the most spectacular things to do. With their slim figures, their arrogant beauty and their extreme pride they just have to stand there and do a few heel taps to "send" the average audience. People often overlook the fact that with many of them all we ever see are endless *farrucas* and *zapateados*, and it is not too hard, given sufficient stage elegance and certain ability, to master this very limited range. In fact flamenco male dancers, the ones that reach a standard of theatrical proficiency, are seldom bad.

The three principal males in the first half of the Zambra programme were good. Antonio Heredia, taller than most gypsies and with vulpine features and an expression that gave the appearance that he was waging a continual blood battle with the audience, has a striking personality and a "large" style. He also managed to ring a few variations on the *Faruca*. Far more compact and almost business-like was Juan Maya, who we have seen in England before when he was a boy with José Greco's company. In his *Alegrías* he even showed a certain amount of good schooling. Much more strange and in the spirit of Goya's Spain was a diminutive ball of fire — El Tupe. He did *pitos*, using his finger-nails like castanets, in a most impressive *Seguiriya*. All three dancers would have been shown off to better effect if their dances had had more variety and if the programme had been better arranged and balanced. For all the reasons already stated this first half became indigestible to the greater majority of the audience, which was a pity considering there was so much talent displayed.

This "Cante Chico" section ended with three girls dancing a number called *Los Campanilleros* in which they used tiny cymbals on their fingers. I am not certain whether this dance comes strictly under the heading of flamenco as I seem to associate it with *Navadeña*, a dance and song given at Christmas to collect money in much the same way that carol singers do in other countries. It would have been happier to have included the elegant *Caracoles* ("How brilliant is the Calle de Acalá when the Andalusians go up and down") with all its Madrilene-Andalusian associations.

The second part of the programme was taken over by a quite different cast and the more sobre mood of *Cante Jondo* with its serious themes of love, death, sorrow and hunger. The sombreness of the "Deep Song" was emphasised by the all-black costumes of the men (singers and guitarists) and the only woman, Rosa Duran (dancer). This lack of colour in dress is typical of Andalusia, where the inhabitants stand out in dramatic contrast to the surrounding vividness; in the theatre it becomes a bit depressing.

The very "minor" quality of *Cante Jondo* was crystallised in Rosa Duran's opening number — *Petenera* ("Come to me, healer, and heal my pains for my body is suffering from a sickness of love"). This moving dance, magnificently sung by Pericon de Cadiz, was also Rosa Duran's best number, as I also remember it being when I first saw her some years ago. She gives it as though

her beautiful body is in fact overcoming the suffering of love's sickness. In both this and a *Polo* (which has a certain affinity to *La Caña,* considered to be the source of *cante flamenco)* she brought a depth of feeling that gave the whole programme a distinction not hitherto all that apparent. Between these two dances she gave a *Garrotin,* more music-hall than "Jondo", and which I felt to be a mistake. To finish she danced what now seems to be inevitable in any Spanish dancing — a *zapateado.* Somehow I can never get used to a female dancer tucking up her skirts to show her legs in this extremely intricate *enchaînement* of foot movements. It seems rather vulgar. But there was no mistaking the expertness of her performance.

She is a curious dancer because though a very fine one she rather lacks that touch of genius which should make her line-up with Spain's number one stars. It may have something to do with the fact that she sometimes gives the appearance of being rather bad-tempered — possibly underlined in my own opinion by the fact that on one evening she stumped off the stage at the end without taking a call with the other artists. She has good schooling, authority, fairly expressive arms, beautiful carriage and remarkable speed in her footwork — in fact all the things we look for in the best dancers — yet somehow no great personality makes itself felt over the footlights. Maybe she is so attuned to the intimacy of the Madrid club that she has not yet adjusted herself to a rather different environment.

Her dancing was interspersed with, and accompanied by, some of the finest flamenco singing that London has yet heard and that master guitarist, Perico del Lunar, and his son. Of the Cantaores, Rafael Romero has been heard in London before, both with Greco and Luisillo, but Pericon de Cadiz and Manuel Vargas were new and, if for nothing else, the programme should not have been missed on account of them. Romero had, I thought, mellowed since he was last here, and his voice was more velvety. Vargas is very powerful without giving any of that feeling of constriction and strain which in flamenco singing can so often be disquieting to the non-Spanish listener. But Pericon de Cadiz has that marvellous ease and beauty of tone that can make flamenco the most exciting thing in the world. A quality he shares with a fellow singer from Cadiz, La Perla, who I heard on one evening in Seville and whom London should hear, as she provided an evening of magic such as I personally have seldom experienced.

So much so good and yet an overriding impression of a lack of theatricality, therefore it would seem that Zambra has to do a good deal of re-thinking before bringing its performance above ground again.

DURAN IN ACTION : Four studies of Rosa Duran in action in the Cante Jondo *section of the Zambra programme. For the purposes of photographing she wears a white dress instead of her usual black. Pictures above by Douglas Elston and below by Dominic.*

THE INSPIRATION: On this and the opposite page are reproductions of four of the series of paintings by William Hogarth, now in the Sir John Soane Museum in London, upon which Ninette de Valois based her ballet. Left, the Levée and early scene in the series in which the Rake collects all the riff-raff of the town around him. Right, the Orgy, in which the Rake starts to lose his money in a brothel.

Ballet Perspectives: 16

The Rake's Progress

by CLIVE BARNES

LET me start off with a personal belief and say that *The Rake's Progress* was the first significant, unmistakably British, ballet. There are those who would doubtless award that palm to *Job,* or, with much more sense to my mind, even *Façade.* It was once the fashion to call *The Rake's Progress* the English *Petrushka,* and the title is not quite so inane as it first sounds. Certainly it was a ballet that fell into the last, and admittedly least, category that Dame Ninette de Valois in *Invitation to the Ballet* laid down as the basis for a ballet repertory — coming under the heading of "Works encouraging a strictly national tendency in their creation generally."

Quite rightly in the early days of the Vic-Wells (now Royal) Ballet, De Valois placed most importance on the acquisition of the international tradition, refusing to espouse the cause of doctrinaire nationalism. Nevertheless she must have been always on the lookout for the opportunity to produce an uncompromisingly home-grown work, and *The Rake's Progress* provided just that chance.

The ballet's scenario was written by the composer Gavin Gordon, who, according to Mary Clarke in *The Sadler's Wells Ballet,* first offered it to Frederick Ashton, "but Ashton was not attracted by the subject, which he felt was 'not for him'." Curiously enough this apparently was not the first time that Ashton had been approached with this idea, for in his book *The Sadler's Wells Ballet,* Cyril Beaumont mentions that some years previously he had suggested to Ashton that *The Rake's Progress* "offered an excellent basis for a choreographic work". However, although Ashton was not interested in the story, Ninette de Valois was, and when approached by Gordon, she undertook to choreograph the ballet herself.

Interestingly, *The Rake's Progress* was the only Vic-Wells ballet not backed by the Vic-Wells organisation. During 1935 Laura Henderson, founder of the Windmill Theatre, and her manager Vivian Van Damm, had formulated an ambitious plan to take British ballet on tour in the provinces. Originally the company was to have been the Vic-Wells Ballet, led by Markova and Helpmann, but after one brief West End season and a provincial tour — the first ever given by the Vic-Wells incidentally — differences of opinion arose between the two managements which led to the Vic-Wells going its own way, and to Mrs. Henderson and Van Damm forming the first Markova-Dolin Ballet.

It was part of the original arrangement between Mrs. Henderson and the Vic-Wells that a new ballet should be produced, and it was Mrs. Henderson's financial backing that made *The Rake's Progress* possible. After an initial postponement through the illness of De Valois, the ballet had its first performance on May 20, 1935, during a special two weeks' season which took place after the regular Sadler's Wells season had ended. Robert Helpmann, the company's principal male dancer, had temporarily left to join the cast of a West End revue, and the leading rôle in the ballet was entrusted to Walter Gore. The Betrayed Girl was danced by Alicia Markova, while Harold Turner (a recent recruit to the company) doubled the rôles of the Dancing Master and the Man with the Rope, and William Chappell danced the Rake's Friend.

The story of the ballet was closely based on the series of morality paintings by William Hogarth, which are now in the Sir John Soane Museum in Lincoln's Inn Fields. The very idea of using Hogarth as the inspiration for a ballet was a masterstroke, as it would be difficult to imagine a great painter who possessed a keener sense of the dramatic. It is not without reason that possibly the best writing on Hogarth has been done by two literary critics, Charles Lamb and William Hazlett. Lamb's famous essay, in which he compares Hogarth with Shakespeare, may go too far, but it goes in the right direction. As for Hazlett, he has so well captured Hogarth's "literary" excellence that I can do no better than quote him: "Hogarth was, in one sense, strictly an historical painter: that is, he represented the manners and humours of mankind in action, and their characters by varied expression. Everything in his pictures has life and motion in it. Not only does the business of the scene never stand still, but every feature is put into full play; the exact feeling of the moment is brought out, and carried to its utmost heights, and then instantly seized and stamped on the canvas for ever. The expression is always taken *en passant,* in a state of progress or change, and, as it were, at the salient point. Besides the excellence of each individual face, the reflection of the expression from face to face, the contrast and struggle of particular motives and feelings in the different actors in the scene, as of anger, contempt, laughter, compassion, are conveyed in the happiest and most lively manner."

The theatricality of Hogarth, so eagerly and eloquently seized upon by Lamb and Hazlett, is perhaps the artist's most striking characteristic. A modern commentator, William Gaunt, speaks of "the stagecraft of Hogarth. The facial expression is reinforced and explained by the gestures, which tell the story in themselves". Hogarth painted three great picture stories, *The Harlot's Progress, The Rake's Progress* and, his masterpiece, *Marriage à la Mode.* Of these three, clearly *The Rake's Progress* is the most suitable for theatrical representation; it has a magnificent dramatic structure, which Gavin Gordon strengthened by his omission of Hogarth's sub-plot.

There are eight pictures in the complete series, the titles of which are virtually self-

THE INSPIRATION: Two more pictures from Hogarth's The Rake's Progress *series. Left, the Gambling Den in which the Rake loses all his fortune at games of chance. Right, Bedlam, in which the Rake, having lost everything including his health, dies in a public lunatic asylum.*

explanatory. 1. Tom Rakewell taking possession of the Rich Miser's Effects. 2. The Young Squire's Levée. 3. The Night House. 4. The Spendthrift arrested for Debt, and Release by his Forsaken Sweetheart. 5. Marylebone Church. Rakewell Married to a Shrew. 6. The Fire in the Gambling Hell. 7. The Fleet Prison. 8. The Madhouse. The Faithful Friend. Gordon has condensed the first two paintings into one scene, omitted the fifth scene, where Rakewell marries his one-eyed spinster to replenish his fortunes, and also left out the scene in the Fleet. He has also added a brief episode for Sarah Young, the "Betrayed Girl", between the Gambling episode in White's Chocolate House and the final climax in Bedlam. All these changes are reasonable, as the introduction of the Shrew would over-complicate the story, and the scene in the Fleet might tend to duplicate that in Bedlam. Logically it may be objected that the ballet shows the Rake penniless in the hands of his creditors one moment, and yet gambling the next, with no explanation of the change in his fortunes. But, in fact, this never seems to occur to one in the theatre.

The problem of transferring Hogarth's 18th-century London on to the stage sets a formidable task to the choreographer, yet in a sense it is the designer who has to meet the most direct challenge, for he, perhaps more than the choreographer, is meeting Hogarth on his own ground. Looking back it can be seen that a great deal of the success of *The Rake's Progress* stems from the inspiration of commissioning the designs from Rex Whistler.

Whistler had been educated at Haileybury and the Slade School, where his wonderful capacity for drawing attracted the attention of Henry Tonks, who in 1925 persuaded the Tate Gallery to commission the vast mural which still decorates the refreshment room. Whistler was then only 20, and the success of this work led him on to a series of stage designs, book illustrations and similar works which continued unabated until his tragic death in action in 1944. When he came to design *The Rake's Progress* he was already a moderately experienced stage designer, yet this was by far his most important and testing undertaking. His sets have been given a masterly simplicity. This is the only ballet setting that I can think of which not only makes use of a box-set (as does, I suppose, Georgiadis in *The Burrow)* but also makes its front-cloth into an integral part of the ballet, and indeed its most significant decorative feature.

There have been two versions of this front cloth, the second — and better — dating from 1942. Both versions are so similar in outline that few people are aware of the changes, and no one, so far as I know, has ever remarked upon them. The comparison between the two is most easily made by looking at J. W. Debenham's famous photograph of the original production and then at the second design, used for all recent productions, in Janet Leeper's book *English Ballet*. Both versions, carried out in brown monochrome, show a perspective of a street near Covent Garden, but the second is far more detailed in its architectural treatment, and more classical in its feeling. The later design emphasises just that quality of an etching that made the original so effective.

The box-set is ingeniously permanent, with only the back of the set being changed for the four main scenes, the sides of the setting, merely ambiguous doors, remaining constant. This not only facilitates the rapid scene changes demanded by the action, but also gives the ballet a feeling of continuity and the wholly appropriate impression that each "picture" is framed. Except for the orgy scene in the Rose Tavern, where Whistler has permitted himself a coloured curtain, a rumpled bed and an erotic, pseudo-classical painting, his beautifully proportioned sets are as devoid of colour as the drop. The costumes, most of them either drab or pastel colours, are altogether admirable, not least in the way they evoke Hogarth without actually bearing a great deal of resemblance to the originals.

Intrinsically Gavin Gordon's score, which was completed before the production of the ballet, is the least substantial of the ballet's parts. (Incidentally De Valois appears to prefer to work with existing scores, and has never, so far as I know, actually "collaborated" with a composer; the one score she has actually commissioned, Rawsthorne's *St. Joan,* has yet to be produced and is presumably now permanently shelved. *Checkmate* may be an exception to this rule, as presumably are the scores arranged by Constant Lambert and Edwin Evans for *The Prospect Before Us* and *Promenade.)* However, although Gavin Gordon's music would have comparatively little interest outside the theatre, it makes an effective background for the ballet.

Gordon himself has written, in *The Decca Book of Ballet,* that the music "draws upon the 18th-century dance-forms as found in the suites and sonatas of the period". It is only fair to add, however, that these have been given very much a late 19th-century orchestration, and the score is in no way so satisfactorily characteristic of its period as is Lambert's arrangement of William Boyce's music for *The Prospect Before Us.* Apart from Gordon's ingenious and amusing use of a swanee whistle to represent the Ballad Singer in the Orgy, the score's most original aspect is the last scene, which is written in the form of a quodlibet. Quodlibets (from the Latin — "what you please") were popular from the 15th-century up to 18th; indeed, Bach uses one at the end of the Goldberg Variations. It was a collection of various tunes brought together, more or less haphazardly, in the form of a "musical switch", and Gordon uses this device with considerable effect, in a way that ties up the ballet most satisfyingly, giving to the music just that sense of complete continuity found in both the décor and the choreography, and so vital to the re-creation of Hogarth's remarkably cohesive serial story.

To my mind, and this is by no means a general opinion, the most puzzling thing about De Valois' choreography for *The Rake's Progress* is that it is so much better than anything else she has produced before or since. It would perhaps have been too much of a coincidence to have expected someone who has achieved so much as an administrator to have been in addition a choreographer of genius. Yet *The Rake's Progress* suggests, that had circumstances been different, that is what she very easily might have become. However, although *The Rake's Progress* is to my mind her one master-work, there is ample evidence in her other ballets of the immense talent that never really had the opportunity to make itself felt. In fact *The Rake's Progress* is cut off from its fellow De Valois ballets not so much by the level of its inspiration, but in the way in which that level is so

consistently maintained. The Dance of the Comforters in *Job,* Mr. O'Reilly's final drunken solo in *Prospect,* Sancho Panza's dance in *Don Quixote* are all probably as good as anything to be found in *The Rake,* yet what in those ballets was merely a fitful spurt in *The Rake* becomes a steady flame.

I do not intend to ride a personal hobby-horse far enough to explore the reasons for the unique success of *The Rake's Progress,* for this would be to presume that my views have an objectivity I would claim for no man, and it is fruitless to try proving an opinion by manipulating facts. It would, for example, be possible to postulate that by 1935 De Valois had cleared her first hurdles in the creation of a national ballet, cleared them and already used them as foundation planks, that her illness had temporarily removed her from the active scene, that the break with Markova had already been determined, everything that could have been done had been done, and for the first and (perhaps) last time in her life, De Valois had no administrative cares, except to await the inevitable outcome of her policies. Then one imagines her sitting up in a hospital bed, surrounded by Rex Whistler designs, wondering frantically how the Henderson/Van Damm plan to tour the provinces was to affect her company, wondering whether Helpmann's revue was going to be a West End hit (and what was this American offer he had had from Nina Theilade?), wondering whether the young Fonteyn really had it in her (well, she was all right in *Rio Grande,* wasn't she?), and the picture of an unworried De Valois serenely facing the prospects of *The Rake,* splinters into fragments.

Obviously, and beyond any conjecture, De Valois has found in *The Rake's Progress* an ideal subject. Her choreographic imagination appears to be much more easily fired by visual and dramatic inspiration than by musical. She is one of the very few choreographers ever to have been inspired by paintings; *Bar aux Folies-Bergère* derived from the Manet painting, *The Prospect Before Us* came from Rowlandson, even *The Gods Go A'Begging* shows the influence of Watteau, and when she produced Vaughan Williams's Masque for Dancing, *Job,* she actually made many tracings of the William Blake drawings to ensure the authenticity of her poses and groups. The unfortunate thing is that paintings are not normally a particularly rewarding source of inspiration, but with *The Rake's Progress* De Valois' natural inclination found itself with a completely suitable literary subject.

The choreography holds one's interest from first to last, and De Valois has contrived to express the whole story in the most striking form of dance, never once permitting the action to degenerate into mime unrelated to the music, but rather fusing dance and gesture into a Noverre-like synthesis. It is particularly interesting to see that although so many of the movements have been derived directly from Hogarth, they take their impetus from the music, and the choreography appears to arise out of the score with a force and clarity not always found in De Valois' work. The choreography has occasionally been criticised on two accounts. Cyril Beaumont has suggested that the Dancing Master in the first scene (based by Hogarth on a real person, one William Essex; other actual people in the ballet taken over by De Valois from Hogarth include Luke Dubois, the French Fencing-Master, and the Bravo, James Figg, a celebrated prize-fighter of the period) is "a professional ballet dancer teaching the Rake some simple steps and positions in classical ballet" and regrets the missed opportunity "to introduce one of those mincing creatures who passed for dancing masters in certain circles". However, while Beaumont's stricture must be allowed as completely just, I personally feel that the choreographer, like her own libertine-hero, must be allowed some licence.

THE FIRST RAKE: Walter Gore, who created the rôle of the Rake in 1935, in the opening scene when he returned as guest with the Sadler's Wells Theatre Ballet in the early 'fifties. Photo: Paul Wilson.

The other, more widespread objection to the choreography concerns the portrayal of the Betrayed Girl, and purports to regard her use of points as an "anachronism" (a meaningless criticism if ever there was one!) and finds her whole characterisation un-Hogarthian. However, in my opinion, De Valois' treatment of Hogarth's Sarah Young is superbly right, and gives the ballet just that strain of sentimental morality which is to be found throughout 18th-century "robust" art, emerging as much in Henry Fielding as in Hogarth. The use of point work for this rôle has a peculiarly dramatic appositeness.

De Valois has always been a far better producer than the average run of choreographers, and this ballet is a fine example of her skill. There is a truly Hogarthian regard for detail, typified by the miniature fiddle used by the Dancing Master, which according to Anton Dolin's biography *Markova,* "was discovered in the Caledonian Market, after a search of the leading West End music shops had failed". It is partly this skill in the production sense that enables De Valois to convey so well that strange mixture of humour and horror, typical of Hogarth. Charles Lamb, writing of the paintings, said 150 years ago: "In the scene in Bedlam, which terminates *The Rake's Progress,* we find the same assortment of the ludicrous with the terrible. Here is desperate madness, the overturning of originally strong thinking faculties, at which we shudder, as we contemplate the duration and pressure of affliction which it must have asked to destroy such a building — and here is the gradual hurtless lapse into idiocy, of faculties which at their best of times never having been strong, we look upon the consummation of their decay with no more of pity than is consistent with a smile." He might have been commenting on the ballet.

Writing of its first performance in 1935, Miss P. W. Manchester, in her book *Vic-Wells — A Ballet Progress,* says "it aroused surprisingly little enthusiasm at first. It was well liked but it caused no furore. Perhaps it was because Markova was badly miscast as the Betrayed Girl. . . . And Walter Gore did not make very much of the Rake." On the other hand many people regard Markova's Betrayed Girl as the best of them all. But perhaps significantly this ballet, which had originally been created in accordance with the undertaking given to Henderson and Van Damm, does not appear to have been taken on the provincial tour for which it was presumably intended. However, it was included on the first night of the next Sadler's Wells season — the first without Markova — which opened on September 27, 1935. Miss Manchester has written: "The big surprise of the evening was *The Rake's Progress,* which was now seen to be of really major importance. The whole company danced it with the utmost gusto and a great sense of period and character. Helpmann put the whole ballet into perspective by his miming as the Rake, a part which he developed more and more as time went on, and Elizabeth Miller showed conclusively by her portrayal of the Betrayed Girl that her métier lay in the direction of *demi-caractère.*"

In the years before the war the ballet achieved great fame, the part of the Rake also being danced by the youthful Alan Carter, and Mary Honer making her first

appearance as the Betrayed Girl. However, unfortunately it was one of the ballets that had to be abandoned during the company's disastrous visit to the Low Countries in 1940. It was revived, with slightly amended designs by Rex Whistler, at the New Theatre on October 27, 1942, with Helpmann, Honer, Gordon Hamilton and Alexis Rassine, and remained in the repertory throughout the war years. It had the distinction of being the first repertory ballet to be produced by the company at Covent Garden when it was revived on March 18, 1946. For this production the Whistler settings and costumes were used, and a false proscenium arch, now discarded, was provided by Oliver Messel, "to the memory of Rex Whistler". After a time the ballet fell out of the repertory, until it was revived on June 18, 1952, by the Sadler's Wells Theatre Ballet at Sadler's Wells, with a cast including Alexander Grant, Sheilah O'Reilly, Donald Britton, Stanley Holden and David Gill. Subsequently the ballet has returned to the Covent Garden repertory. On May 18, 1956, Peggy Van Praagh reproduced the ballet for the ballet company of the Munich State Opera. The cast included Heino Hallhuber, Natascha Trofimova, Franz Baur and Karl Rath. There were over 30 curtain calls at its first performance and the applause went on for 20 minutes.

Since 1942, the rôle of the Rake has been danced in London by Walter Gore, Robert Helpmann, Leslie Edwards, Harold Turner, Alexander Grant, Henry Legerton, David Blair, Pirmin Trecu, David Poole, Donald Britton, Miro Zolan and Leslie White, and by the time this appears Brian Shaw will probably have given his first performance of the rôle with the Royal Ballet in South Africa. Apart from the last-named, I have seen them all, and curiously enough none of them has been bad — the part is almost foolproof. Without question I should name Gore as the finest portrayal within my experience ; I only saw him after the war when he was guest artist with the Theatre Ballet, and clearly these appearances must have represented a startling advance on his original creation. He showed a sort of guileless, even charming, stupidity in the first scene, a wanton recklessness in the Orgy, there was shame as well as embarrassment in the scene with the Creditors, a passionate desperation in the Gambling Hell, and in the last scene he plumbed the depths of human degradation and bestiality. The characterisation was conceived as a perfect arc of downward development, it had the inevitability of epic tragedy. He also restored to the part one or two tiny touches that had been allowed to lapse, particularly the correct pose, with classic agony, of the Rake in the Bedlam scene.

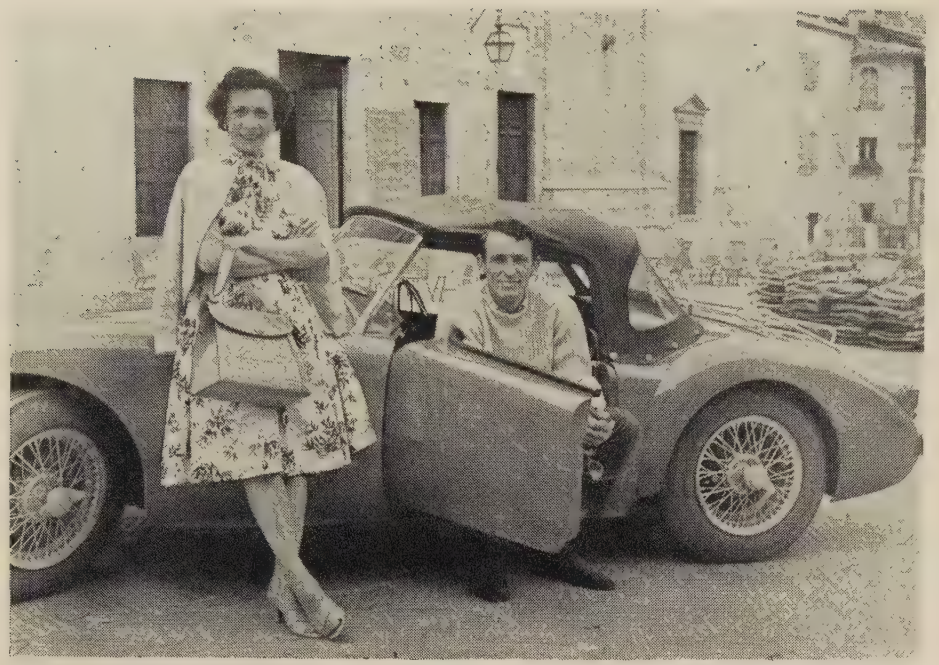
Helpmann is by far the most famous and generally acclaimed of all the Rakes, and 99 people out of 100 will unhesitatingly pick him as the finest. I am the 100th. For my part he made the ballet too much of a star vehicle. He never, moreover, seemed able to distinguish between affectation and effeminacy in the early scenes, or tragedy and melodrama in the latter. However, it was a powerfully projected performance put over with all the incredible magnetism that Helpmann, the biggest "personality" British ballet ever possessed, was able to muster.

Of the other Rakes most of them have been better either at the beginning of the ballet (Blair and Trecu for example), or at the end (Turner and Poole). Grant, Britton, Zolan and White have all given good performances, although the first two have always seemed a shade too bumpkinish in the first scene for a young man just down from university. Edwards I only saw once, years ago, at the Princes Theatre, and cannot fairly comment on, although I remember thinking him quite good at the time. Legerton was probably, by and large, the best of them all, apart from Gore. Although in each individual scene, other dancers were preferable, his was the best developed and most consistent portrayal of the complete part.

On the whole the ballet has always seemed to bring out the best in English dancers, and not only is it remarkably rarely that one sees a bad performance, but there always appeared to be at least one or two first-rate pieces of cameo acting tucked away in the cast lists. Since the war the Betrayed Girls have included Margot Fonteyn, Julia Farron, Violetta Elvin, Pauline Clayden, Anne Heaton, Maryon Lane, Patricia Miller, Sheilah O'Reilly and Doreen Tempest. The only person to repeat Turner's double as the Dancing Master and the Man with the Rope since the war has been Gordon Hamilton, although Franz Baur doubled the part in Munich, and Johaar Mosaval has also danced both rôles, though at different performances. The Dancing Master has been danced by Rassine, Shaw, Trecu, Mosaval, Gilbert Vernon, Zolan and Michael Boulton.

DROP CURTAIN : Rex Whistler's now famous design for the front cloth which is also used for certain actions between each scene.

ORGY SCENE : Robert Helpmann, left, in the orgy scene when he took over the title rôle after Gore left the Vic-Wells company. Compare this with Hogarth's painting on page 20. *Photo : Tunbridge.*



KAYE'S NEW HUSBAND: Nora Kaye and her present husband, choreographer Herbert Ross, photographed when they were both in Spoleto for the Festival of Two Worlds last July, before their marriage.

curtain up!

Royal Engagement

PRINCESS MARGARET'S engagement to Mr. Antony Armstrong-Jones was one of the best-kept secrets for many a long year. After all the prophecies that the gutter press had been indulging in as to who would lead her to the altar, her final choice caught even them off guard. This was no mean feat, and our congratulations to Mr. Armstrong-Jones are equalled by our congratulations to everyone immediately concerned and "in the know" for not letting a leak occur and for springing such a dramatic surprise upon the world. Dramatic surprises of this kind are always welcome.

Princess Margaret has always shared her mother's enthusiasm and love for ballet and as President of the Royal Ballet School she has shown that she has a very considerable knowledge not only of the art but of what is going on in the world of dance. It was therefore fitting that the engaged couple should make their first public appearance together at the gala performance in aid of the Royal Ballet Benevolent Fund on March 1. When they appeared together in the temporary Royal Box, in the middle of Covent Garden's Grand Tier, even the stuffed-shirt audience let itself go. Having seen Princess Margaret at many of these annual functions, I have never seen her looking so radiant.

In fact ballet and the theatre as a whole has every reason to be happy about this match as the mutual love that the couple have for theatre is well known. She has been actively involved in a number of amateur productions and he of course is one of Britain's most distinguished photographers. It was John Cranko who really gave him his first chances at theatrical photography — giving him the *Prince of the Pagodas* photo-call and later commissioning him to design some photo-montage settings and produce a revolutionary theatre programme and front-of-house pictures for the ill-fated *Keep Your Hair On*. Armstrong-Jones' contribution, however, was far from ill-fated, and remains the happiest memory we have of this occasion; it also set the seal on his status as a photographer of great originality.

Snow on their boots

NO sooner had Victor Hochhauser made a preliminary announcement of the fact that some Bolshoi Theatre dancers would be coming to the Albert Hall at the end of June, than the telephone line to the hall was jammed with anxious enquirers. They all had to be told that the box office certainly was not selling tickets yet; they did not even know the dates of the season, let alone who was coming or what they would perform.

This will be, of course, the long-awaited group which will, it is expected, be led by Maya Plisetskaya. Ulanova will not be there as not only was she never expected anyway but also it is reported that she is in ill-health and her retirement is considered to be imminent. The group that comes will perform a "highlights" programme not unlike the one given by the large company at Croydon.

Snow on our boots

OF course you should never believe anything you ever hear, nor are any dealings with the U.S.S.R. a dead cert until they are already a *fait accompli*, but the jungle drums have been beating out the news about a possible visit to Russia by the Royal Ballet as early as the Spring of 1961. This seems to be fairly shortly after their return from a four-month coast-to-coast American tour. So it looks as though London will not see much of the major half of the Royal Ballet after it finishes its present season in June — not for the best part of a year at any rate.

As compensation, Victor Hochhauser is bringing the eagerly-awaited company from Leningrad to London early next year. Where they are to perform has not yet been announced. But let us hope that it is to be in a proper theatre and not in those converted cinemas or concert halls where it is quite impossible to judge what the productions are really like.

Money for the road

MORE money for touring opera and ballet in this country — the news itself, revealed in the estimates of government spending for next year, was happy enough. Even better was the way it was received. Did the newspapers suggest that this was really a little extravagant, and that honest, clean-living, football-loving Englishmen would rather see the money spent elsewhere? Not a bit of it; some of them even found the increases a little niggardly. That, for hard-pressed ballet companies like Rambert, Western Theatre Ballet and even the touring half of the Royal Ballet, will be really good news.

Already the Arts Council have raised the Rambert Grant from £7,500 to £15,000 and that of Western Theatre Ballet from £1,000 to £3,000. This will make the lot of these touring companies easier and will encourage them to mount new productions. The only fly in the ointment as I see it is that if the provincial theatres continue to close down as rapidly as they are at the moment, there will soon be no theatres outside London for anyone to play in.

What they are doing with it

ALREADY Madame Rambert is planning with David Ellis, her son-in-law and associate director, how to develop the repertory as a result of the new grant. It seems that when Ballet Rambert give their annual London season, at the Sadler's Wells Theatre at the end of July, we may see a very important revival. This is probably going to be the Bournonville version of *La Sylphide*, the famous ballet which instigated the Romantic era in the last century. If this comes about, then Ballet Rambert will be the first British ballet company to have this work in its repertory. In addition, Norman Morrice is working on his third ballet — *The Three Wise Monkeys* — about which I wrote last month.

The rumoured revival of Balanchine's *Night Shadow* has been shelved for the moment and is unlikely to be seen during the London season.

Now over to Western Theatre Ballet, who say that they are now in a position to plan an autumn tour of the part of England from which they originated — the West Country. After the Hanley season, reviewed in full elsewhere in this issue, they played to capacity business at the Guildford Repertory Theatre. Both they, and we, hope that this will lead to other repertory company managements becoming interested in their work. There is certainly room for a ballet company that can play in these repertory theatres which are scattered fairly liberally throughout the country.

Balanchine for Festival

SO far I have not heard of Festival Ballet receiving any increased grant from the Arts Council for touring Britain — nor, in fact have I heard of them ever receiving any grant at all. Never daunted by anything of this kind they were already planning their new productions on the eve of departing for their long tour of South America. It is rumoured that they are to receive one of

RAMBERT EXHIBITION IN MOSCOW: An exhibition was recently held at the House of Friendship with Foreign Countries in Moscow. The subject: Ballet Rambert. In the picture on the left, Mrs. Roslavleva (centre), a member of the U.S.S.R.-Great Britain Society is seen explaining the photographs of scenes from the Rambert repertory. Right, Dance and Dancers is *prominently displayed in a section devoted to dance publications.*

the Balanchine "gift" ballets which he is so generously distributing around the ballet companies of the world. Festival's gift is likely to be *Bourrée Fantasque,* and a more suitable work for their repertory I cannot imagine. There is also a rumour that they are to mount a full-length ballet on the life of Napoleon with choreography by Serge Lifar. As this is for a festival in Nice which celebrates that city's annexation by France from Italy, it would seem that there is at least one country where this ballet could not be shown — no prizes for the correct guess.

Gilpin on the move

THIS year is a busy one for John Gilpin. Not only is he leading his company, London's Festival Ballet, through South America as principal male dancer and Associate Artistic Director, but this is to be immediately followed by the rather gruelling two-month season at Festival Hall. Instead of taking a well-earned holiday after that he will go for a six-week concert tour through South Africa. In this he will partner Belinda Wright; others in the group consist of Anton Dolin, David Poole and a South African ballerina. The whole presentation is being designed by André Levasseur. "And are you going to have a rest after that?" I asked. "Well, probably I shall stay on there for a few weeks in the sun." I would say he deserved to.

Brianskys back in the fray

OLEG BRIANSKY, who has been suffering from leg trouble for some time, has recovered and is returning to choreography as well as dancing. On March 29 he stages a new creation — *Pièces Brilliantes* — in Antwerp at a performance attended by Queen Elizabeth of Belgium. This work to Glinka music and Levasseur designs will use a cast of thirty including a young Belgian ballerina, Andrée Marlière, who will be partnered by Briansky himself.

His charming wife, Mireille, who used to be a dancer and also a cabaret artist, now has her own company. This consists of eight children, and they appear on Paris TV every Thursday. Mireille is also making TV films of fairy tales which use a new revolutionary camera technique. In what time is left from all this she continues as assistant to George Reich with his group at the Olympia Theatre.

Markova goes East

DURING her long career in the theatre, Alicia Markova has done a number of varied things. She has appeared in pantomime, music halls, revues, in arenas and in many unlikely places. She has appeared with a number of partners but, unlike some ballerinas, she has yet to appear with elephants. However, it came as a surprise when it was announced that she would appear with Ram Gopal in *Radha-Krishna* during his season at Princes Theatre. Not really such a surprise, though, because did not Pavlova dance with Uday Shankar, and even Markova herself has done some Indian-style dancing previously when she looked wonderful in a dance, choreographed by herself, in the Bizet opera *The Pearl Fishers,* at Drury Lane. Markova's new venture will be reviewed next month.

PRE-FESTIVAL PARTY: At a party given by Monsieur Borelli at Maxim's in Paris for the company, formed by Massine, which is to appear at Nervi this year, are (left to right): Ivan Dragadze, Yvonne Meyer, Jean Denis Malcles (designer), Manessier (decorator), Ethery Pagava, Milorad Miskovitch, Monsieur Borelli, Gerard Ohn, Leonide Massine junior, Tatiana Massine junior, Vassili Sulich and N. Nogaret. Photo: Lido.

happy birthday to...

		April
John Sale	The Royal Ballet	28
Ann Howard	The Royal Ballet	29
Yvonne Meyer	Milorad Miskovitch Company	29
		May
Brenda Taylor	The Royal Ballet	3
Jacqueline Moreau	De Cuevas International Ballet	7
Wendy Barry	London's Festival Ballet	10
Donald Spottswood	De Cuevas International Ballet	14
Ruth Ann Koesun	American Ballet Theatre	15
Nicholas Beriosoff	The Opera, Strasbourg	16
Margot Fonteyn	The Royal Ballet	18
Daniel Seillier	De Cuevas International Ballet	18
Peter White	London's Festival Ballet	19
Gilbert Vernon	Salisbury Repertory Company	21
Deryk Mendel	The Bordeaux Opera	23
Graham Usher	The Royal Ballet	23
Travis Kemp	Teaching in Turkey	23
Christian Foye	The Opera, Nice	23
Ann Horn		24
Jane Sanders	Ballet Rambert	24

NEW RECORDS
by DAVID HUNT

Prokofiev's *Buffoon*

Prokofiev : *Chout* — Suite, Op. 21a. London Symphony Orchestra (Walter Susskind). Top Rank 35/012. 12 in. 35*s*.

PROKOFIEV'S second ballet — though his first to be produced — makes fascinating listening, and it is a great pity that such prodigiously inventive and fetching music was saddled with so boring and silly a plot, concerned with the zany antics of a pack of buffoons, their wives and daughters.

Chout (the title is the French transliteration of the Russian word for a buffoon) might have made a rewarding vehicle for Massine in his most eccentric puppet-like vein ; but by the time Diaghilev was ready to produce the ballet Massine had left the company and the choreography was entrusted to the inexperienced Slavinsky, guided by Larionov, the ballet's designer and librettist.

One of the most intriguing things about Prokofiev's score is that it shows him well on the way to achieving his own distinctively personal idiom, with its incongruous yet oddly satisfying blend of pungent wit and bright-eyed lyricism. His first ballet, *Ala and Lolli (Scythian* Suite) was rejected by Diaghilev, obviously because it was so palpably modelled on *The Rite of Spring,* which had burst on Prokofiev like a bombshell only a short time before he wrote *Ala and Lolli* (1914).

However, by 1915, when most of *Chout* was completed — though it was not produced until 1921 — Prokofiev was no longer following one step behind Stravinsky but was clearly intent on blazing exciting new trails of his own.

The music, with its lively rhythms, bracing but never brutal harmonies, and perky, clean-limbed melodies, foreshadows strikingly the later *Prodigal Son* and even *Romeo and Juliet.* And it wears its years with sprightly nonchalance, sounding far more "modern" than scores of ballets written in the last decade. Perhaps some choreographer will yet match its inventiveness with movement and story worthy of it.

This excellent Top Rank recording gives a complete performance of all 12 movements of the concert suite Prokofiev arranged from the ballet shortly after the première. Playing for 35 minutes, this amounts to not quite two-thirds of the complete ballet score, judging from the composer's piano reduction, the full score never having been published. The movements of the Suite follow the sequence of the ballet, though many of the sections were lengthened and elaborated by Prokofiev in much the same way as he later did in arranging concert suites from *Romeo and Juliet* and *Cinderella.*

Susskind secures an energetic, finely-played performance which I prefer to Horenstein's more aggressive account on Vox, and the recording is suitably colourful and clear.

Dante and Shakespeare

Tchaikovsky : *Francesca da Rimini. Hamlet.* Stadium Symphony Orchestra of New York (Leopold Stokowski). Top Rank 35/014. 12 in. 35*s*.

HELPMANN'S *Hamlet* always had the effect on me of making me wish I were watching Lichine's *Francesca da Rimini* instead, and I suspect that Helpmann shared my admiration for Lichine's powerful, if somewhat hammy, ballet. Incidentally, it was thanks to the gramophone that *Hamlet* was set to Tchaikovsky's fantasy-overture, for Helpmann did not know such a thing existed when he was searching for the right music for his ballet until Leslie Hurry brought him a 78 set of the records.

Francesca is undoubtedly a better work musically than *Hamlet,* probably because hell-fire is a more inspiring subject than indecision, though in the latter Tchaikovsky succeeded in distilling the atmosphere of Shakespeare's tragedy to a greater extent than most of the other composers who have made the attempt.

This seems to be the first time that the two works have been coupled together, and a very exciting disc it makes. Stokowski is in his element in such highly-charged music and brings out all the passion and drama and brooding melancholy to stunning effect. *Francesca,* without the usual cuts, is given the best performance I have ever heard, even if the over-fast tempo at the end robs the final 10 chords of their suggestion of eternal damnation. The recording is excellent in every way.

Classics under Dorati

Delibes. *Coppélia.* Minneapolis Symphony Orchestra (Antal Dorati). Mercury Stereo AMS 16018-9. 2 12 in. 76*s*. 3*d*.

THE original mono version of this complete *Coppélia* sounded fine enough, but the new stereo set is even better with its clear, open textures and sharp directionalism. From a purely sonic point of view it is every bit as good as Decca's Ansermet version in stereo, and infinitely preferable as a performance.

Dorati is one of the three or four best ballet conductors in the world, but I am sure that part of the reason why he manages to make *Coppélia* sound as fresh and new as the day it was written is that he is Hungarian. Delibes' *Czardas,* though prettified and obviously meant for villagers in full ballet slap, is here given an authentic stamp and swagger ; and if anyone objects that the Mazurka is not danced in Hungary, Dorati here proves him wrong, or at least that everything goes with a swing in Ruritania. As well as being more vital than Ansermet, Dorati scores over him in being able to bring out all the tender sentiment in the score, without ever lapsing into sentimentality.

Incidentally, in case you didn't know, the *Thème Slav Varié* is actually a thoroughly authentic bit of local colour, the tune having been "borrowed" by Delibes from Moniuszko's *Echoes of Poland.*

Tchaikovsky : *Swan Lake.* Minneapolis Symphony Orchestra (Antal Dorati). Mercury MMA 11074-6. 3 12 in. 114*s*. 4½*d*.

DORATI'S invaluable uncut recordings of the three Tchaikovsky ballets disappeared from the catalogues with the transfer from Pye to EMI of the issue rights for Mercury in this country. With this re-issue *Swan Lake* is happily restored to circulation, with *The Sleeping Beauty* soon to follow, and eventually *The Nutcracker.*

There is a great deal of difference between the music as Tchaikovsky wrote it and the bowdlerised Drigo edition in general theatrical use today — except as the Stanislavsky Theatre in Moscow. The problem, of course, is that you can't play the music "straight" without having either to distort drastically the Petipa-Ivanov choreography or else scrap it altogether. Even Bourmeister chose to compromise, deciding to keep Drigo's altered order of the dances for Act 2 rather than forgo Ivanov's inspired choreography. As time goes by I suspect that Bourmeister's innovations will gain ground — already the Paris Opéra has decided to stage his production using the original score.

I wrote at considerable length about Drigo's alterations when reviewing the Pye pressings of Dorati's performance in September 1957, and now need only emphasise how important these records are for a proper appreciation of Tchaikovsky's great achievement. (How incredible that he thought it inferior to Delibes' *Sylvia*!)

The Minneapolis orchestra gives a virtuoso performance such as we are hardly ever likely to hear in a theatre ; and the recording sounds better than before, with a firmer bass and the former tendency to stridency corrected.

SETTING for Le Chout, *by Michael Larionov, combining modernist and Russian folklore elements.*

Dance and Dancers . . . AT HOME

THE ROYAL BALLET at Covent Garden

A Brace of Galas

NOT really that there was anything at all gala about February 25's "Special Performance" in honour of the President of Peru and Señora de Prado. Admittedly the absence of the Queen Mother and Princess Margaret, owing to Court mourning, robbed the front-of-house scene of much of its glory though Señora de Prado's wonderful string of emeralds made up in certain measure. But the scenes on stage and the sounds from the orchestra pit could hardly have done much to cement friendly relations between ourselves and Peru. It is sad that when the Royal Ballet is dancing like it never has before that on these "special" occasions it shows itself up at its worst.

MacMillan's *Danses Concertantes* (which together with Stravinsky's other two ballets, Ashton's *Scènes de Ballet* and MacMillan's *Agon* are declared by the Covent Garden management to be house-emptiers) has always been dear to my heart. I may say that these three ballets are the only three in the whole Royal Ballet repertory that I as a non-paying critic would willingly pay to see. However, had I paid to see this performance of *Danses* I should not have been very happy.

In the first place Emanuel Young galloped the score through at the pace of a snail's funeral — not a sign of life, wit or sparkle was there. Some of the pauses between the various numbers appeared to go on for all eternity. So that destroyed the ballet for a start. Then Doreen Wells, in Maryon Lane's rôle, though having a certain chic in appearance seemed to lack it in her dancing, which was plodding, nor was she too surely partnered by Richard Farley. Peter Clegg made a brave attempt at Donald Britton's rôle and yet while decidedly creating an effect in his solo, the part lost its original punch. It was only Merle Park, as one of the two supporting soloists, who brought back any of the quality that this work once had.

Somehow the impact of this work, as with so many others, has become diffused in its transfer from smaller stages to the half-pint opera house stage of Covent Garden. The one thing that tries its best to pull the whole ballet back into its right perspective is William Bundy's imaginative lighting. I still think that Nicholas Georgiadis, by changing his original designs for the girls to conventional tutus has dragged the whole thing down to the utterly commonplace.

What should never be forgotten is that this work, in spite of a few alterations, was both MacMillan's and Georgiadis's first commissioned ballet. Things that you accept from promising youngsters are not always what you are likely to accept when both have reached greater maturity. Today I find a certain striving for effect in the choreography and I just hate to see male dancers flapping their hands. In the most recent work of these two creators — the despised and discarded *Agon* — there was a maturity and truth in both the choreography and designing that put it and them on a pedestal far above their previous collaborations, and far above most other ballets in the Royal Ballet's repertory.

The next gala offering was *Giselle* with those "gala" artists, Margot Fonteyn and Michael Somes, in the principal rôles. Fonteyn's interpretation of this difficult peasant-cum-supernatural lady has gone through various phases. Her first attempts up in Finsbury during the 'thirties showed enormous promise. Touching and sincere she was, if I remember rightly. Then came a sticky patch when she appeared to make little progress. In the early fifties she gave some splendid performances, and it appeared that this rôle, the one she has strived to master with greater energy than any other in her whole career, was really within her grasp. Then another sticky patch followed by a recent swoop forward when, I believe, she was greatly under the influence of Karsavina. Now her Giselle seems to be back in a sticky patch again, a very sticky patch.

Of course it may have been the sluggish orchestra that threw her out on this occasion because there were moments when she, the most musical dancer of our time, appeared to be going her own way ahead of what was happening down there in the pit. Such things can, I know, just rip a performance to bits, but what we saw and what I have to write about was not very exhilarating. Up to the mad scene she danced and played most of the first act with an exaggerated grin and her dancing was equally so. Of course she danced beautifully but her dancing seemed to be an interpolation in a story which held no conviction for her. As Albrecht, Somes also seemed to be affected by this attitude as he was "hamming it up" more than usual.

All this was before the mad scene, when the whole thing took a turn for the better. But how the Giselle, as Fonteyn sees her, can arrive at this mad state so abruptly is a bit of a mystery to me. She is such an obviously healthy girl in the opening scenes, a girl who might be heartbroken at her swain's defection, but a girl who would grit her teeth and carry it off somehow; certainly not a girl who would go mad and die. However, mad she went and she was infinitely pathetic and touching. Exactly how expressive Fonteyn's face is was never quite revealed so clearly as in the recent *Royal Ballet* film, and somehow she now seems to have applied some of this film technique to her stage performance. By the fall of the curtain the evening was saved.

At one time, Fonteyn seemed to carry some of her first act through to her second, and it was possible to see that there lingered in the novice wili a few of the human qualities of the peasant girl. But no longer am I aware of this and the whole act went through in a very routine manner — impeccably danced but reaching no heights. Somes partnered well, as always, and he had regained some of that Romantic nobility that he had been lacking in the first act.

The best dancing of the evening really came from Peter Clegg and Merle Park in the peasant *pas de deux* and from Georgina Parkinson as a leading wili, named in the programme as "Zulme". Clegg gives so many stalwart performances, in an enormous variety of rôles, that one is apt to overlook him, but in his two *soli* he almost attained a Brian Shaw level — and *that* I consider to be almost as high as one can go. Park was crisp and charming as we have now come to expect of her. But Parkinson made a deeper impression as Zulme than any single person I can remember in this supporting rôle.

James Bailey's sets have worn well and are still eminently suitable even if the production that takes place in them has become meaningless, apart from Gerd Larsen's Berthe, Leslie Edwards' Hilarion and Derek Rencher's Duke. I sometimes wonder if anyone ever really questions themselves about their movements, their placing on the stage and their reactions to what is happening. If they did I cannot imagine that we should witness such cursory behaviour as now appears to be all-pervading in this particular Rhineland village.

BEFORE the gala, in aid of the Royal Ballet's Benevolent Fund, on March 1, it seemed that the main interest would be concentrated on the front of the house where Princess Margaret was making her first public appearance with the man she is to marry. In addition to this star attraction there was also the Queen Mother, who, without in any way seeming disrespectful, I consider to be today's Number One scene-stealer. It would appear that in the face of all this that anything happening on the stage would amount to very little.

However, with a good deal of careful production on both sides of the house, and I can hardly believe it was one of those things that just "happened", everybody got their fair share of attention and limelight and a good time was had by all. On paper the programme looked a pretty patchy affair, in practice two-thirds of it held together remarkably well.

Possibly one of the most encouraging developments of Royal Ballet activity over the past two years has been the fact that the students of the Royal Ballet School are now being shown to the general public. It is splendid for them to get this stage experience under the same conditions as their more fully-fledged colleagues; it is also good for the audience to see some concrete results of the school which otherwise take on the air of mysterious goings-on in darkest Richmond Park and Barons Court. I think it was an inspired idea to present these upper and lower school students in a group of English Country Dances.

Compared to almost every other country in the world, English folklore is a jolly insipid business — neat and dainty but lacking any sort of theatrical excitement. But it is our legacy and it seems that we have to do the best we can with it, and I think these boys and girls did the best that they could with it. All very fresh and innocuous as a May Day morn it was. Both schools combined in the intricate manoeuvrings of *Cumberland Square, Princess Margaret's Fancy* (more suitable than anyone could have believed when these dances were first dreamed up) and *Circassian Circle*. Lower School boys went through the ramifications of forming interlaced triangles with their wooden swords in *Flamborough Sword Dance* — and very well they did it too. Keith Martin performed a sword dance with a couple of crossed clay churchwarden's pipes in *Bacca Pipes Jig* and the Upper School boys did a Morris jig — *None So Pretty*. The costumes, designed by Derek Rencher (whose usefulness as an artist on the stage seems to be being supplemented by his usefulness as an artist off-stage) were fresh, pretty and eminently suitable.

The main body of the gala consisted of the first act of *La Fille Mal Gardée*, which has proved to be one of the most solid popular successes the Royal Ballet ever had. As this has been written about so fully in the last number it really only remains for me to consider Merle Park taking over the

rôle of Lise from Nadia Nerina, who was in South Africa. There is no doubt that from a dancing point of view Nerina has made the rôle her own and she is unlikely to be equalled in it during the present phase of the Royal Ballet's development. On the other hand with Park the rôle came far more alive and she brought a natural gaiety that appeared to emanate from somebody who just loved life. She bubbled over with fun and high spirits and looked enchanting — at moments she reminded me of Zizi Jeanmaire in the days before her *Carmen* hair-crop altered her whole character. Her dancing, rather unsure in her first variation, grew in surety and authority as the ballet progressed. She is a beautiful clean dancer but lacks elevation, which here is a bit unfortunate as Ashton has used elevation as never before to suit this remarkable quality in Nerina. Therefore the variations and *pas de deux* in the second scene lacked something of the overwhelming excitement that stops the show with a roar when given by Nerina and her Colas — David Blair. The latter gave his usual gloriously brilliant performance though was naturally a little less sure with his partnering as this was the first time he had danced the rôle with Park. None of these things detracted in any way from this delicious romp which the whole company gave as though they adored every minute — rare is it that enjoyment is shared by those on both sides of the footlights.

The last part of the programme was given over to the Royal Ballet's usual quaint conception of a gala *divertissement*. MacMillan's *Valse Eccentrique*, to Ibert music and danced by Brenda Bolton, Alexander Grant and Stanley Holden, is the sort of thing which would enliven a cabaret at a charity ball or the early morning hours at a dancer's party. Which does not mean that it has any place whatsoever upon the stage of Covent Garden. Doubtless when it was created for a performance at Sadler's Wells in aid of Hungarian relief, it came as a relief of its own, sandwiched as it was between a number of ballerinas intent on imitating Anna Pavlova. Today it is as displaced as was also the *pas de trois* from *Ballabile* later in the programme and danced by Shirley Grahame, Bryan Lawrence and John Sale. The sort of light relief which a programme of this kind needs came from Annette Page's imitation of Alicia Markova dancing the famous variation from Ashton's *Les Rendezvous* — a good imitation and a charming piece of dancing.

The apex of this collection of bits and pieces came with the penultimate item — the Don Quixote *pas de deux* given by Anya Linden and David Blair. Linden looked ravishing and she danced with more bravura than I have ever seen from her. At times her once-so-noticeable lack of musical sensibility showed up a bit — in the variation and part of the coda — but on the whole it was a most exhilarating exhibition emphasised by the masculine virtuosity of Blair. If towards the end he showed faint signs of exhaustion he could hardly be blamed — it had really been *his* evening.

What an uncertain muse is the one who inspires programme planning! At the recent R.A.D. Matinée at Drury Lane, Ashton's *Raymonda Pas de Deux* for Fonteyn and Somes came in the middle of the programme and won deserved praise from everyone. Placed at the end of a long evening, as it was on the present occasion, it caused a lowering of temperature which made the evening peter out. It is a lovely passage of choreography, full of the atmosphere of lovers' meetings and partings and it flows, falls and rises with Glazounov's lush and nostalgic music. It is also extremely difficult to dance and Fonteyn and Somes give it with such perfection that it almost looks like no effort at all — and here is possibly where it went wrong as far as this performance was concerned. After so much technical brilliance as in *Fille* and *Don Quixote*, this *pas de deux* seemed rather tame. Apart from anything else the makeshift setting of red drapes, a rostrum and sky-cloth which was acceptable on the Drury Lane stage for a one-performance matinée, looked decidedly tatty at Covent Garden. Nevertheless, with all these faults, as Royal Ballet galas go, this one was far better than usual and it managed to hold its own against strong rival attractions in front of the house.

P. W.

Page in the Lake

WHEN Annette Page and Ronald Hynd first danced Odette/Odile and Siegfried with the touring branch of the Royal Ballet last summer, I was immediately impressed by the assurance and charm they brought to this initial performance. It was perhaps the very success of this début that made me hope for great things when they danced the roles for the first time at Covent Garden on the afternoon of February 6. In one particular sense I was a little disappointed ; it was not that they were any worse than that creditable first showing, but unfortunately they had not improved as much as I might have hoped.

Page, for all the sureness of her very well-balanced technique, still seems more of an Odette than an Odile. The eloquence and pathos — and this is essentially a pathetic rather than a tragic interpretation — of her Odette has still to be matched by a complementary evil brilliance in her Odile, which she tends to approach more as an exercise in virtuosity than as an essay in characterisation. Moreover, there is nothing truly distinctive about her total portrayal, unless it be the very welcome lack of affectation she brings to its dancing. However, there is a great deal to praise in this performance, not least her general musical awareness and the intelligent approach she brings to her nevertheless still too under-stressed acting. Here she has a very good basis upon which to build a finished interpretation of the part.

Ronald Hynd has improved enormously as a partner in recent months, and this, like his acting, is now notable. His actual dancing is less classically impeccable, his feet are not always good, and he lacks the natural ease of movement that comes from a perfect *plié*. On the other hand he makes up for these deficiencies by his vigorously masculine bearing, and, equally importantly, the skill with which he makes his dancing into an extension of his acting. Naturally gifted with an unusually theatrical personality, he uses this to fine effect. A final factor in this husband and wife partnership which must not be overlooked is the very understandable, but also very wonderful, sympathy that exists between them. Their combined effect is, as it always should be but often isn't, something more than the mere addition of their individual contributions.

The *Pas de Six* was well led by Georgina Parkinson and an occasionally erratic Bryan Lawrence, while the *Pas de Trois* was notable for the crispness of Doreen Wells and Peter Clegg. Although Christine Beckley did not seem perfectly cast in this there was an unusual, almost new-found, warmth to her dancing. The Neapolitan Dance in the third act was given with rumbustious gusto by the effervescent Merle Park and the incredibly versatile Clegg.

Back to the Fairground

THE performance of *Petrushka* on February 11 gained an unexpected and unwelcome poignancy through the death of Benois a few days previously. Unfortunately the occasion did not really do full honour to the great man's memory. It is curious that while the Royal Ballet's production of *The Firebird* has always been among the best in its repertory, *Petrushka*, also produced by the Grigorievs with similar love and understanding, has never really come off. Yet I suppose this is really not so surprising, for most of its faults are inevitable. Certainly something should be done about the ridiculous Mediterranean-style lighting, which some conveniently anonymous ass considers appropriate to a St. Petersburg Easter week fair. And, even more certainly, something should be done about Hugo Rignold's conducting of the score ; one wonders, for a start, whether he was ever given adequate rehearsal time with the orchestra, a factor which I suspect accounts for more bad playing and bruised reputations than anyone realises. Yet even so the Royal Ballet would still be faced with its basic problem, that of trying to dress up lamb as mutton. Most of these kids, students, extras, are too young, green, inexperienced, and a smarter, cleaner-looking rabble would be hard to find.

Of course, Leslie Edwards, Rosemary Lindsey, Harold Turner, Gerd Larsen and Stanley Holden do their best, but their artistry is little more than a drop in the ocean of apparently otherwise purely adolescent endeavour. A word of praise, however, for the fine and spirited dancing of, as ever, Ray Powell and also a newcomer to the Grooms, Keith Milland, who danced really well in the Thomson/Wilson tradition.

Having said this, one has to praise the four principals, Alexander Grant, Nadia Nerina, Peter Clegg and Franklin White. All of them seemed to have added to the stature of their portrayals since the ballet was last given, and it is only a pity that Covent Garden cannot provide them with a production worthy of their abilities. At a later performance, on the evening of February 27, the part of the Doll was taken by Merle Park and that of the Blackamoor by Keith Rosson. Park, as previously, gave a strangely piquant, yet effective, performance. Rosson, who was taking over the rôle at very short notice following injury to Clegg, looked promising, yet it would be unfair to comment much further as he did not even always seem sure of the choreography. However, when he properly gets into the part he should, and probably will, tone down the humorous aspect of the rôle — in this hastily improvised sketch there were times when he looked rather more like a nigger-minstrel than Fokine's Blackamoor — although this is intended as a hint more than a criticism.

Uneven Meetings

BOTH performances of *Petrushka* were preceded by *Les Rendezvous*, even though there was not a great deal of similarity between the two actual performances. In the first David Blair was dancing the leading rôle for the first time since his Theatre Ballet days. Even then he was not especially remarkable in the ballet, and nor is he now. Parts of it he dances, nowadays, with an effortless perfection, yet even at his most perfect he contrives to look a little uneasy, in a rôle that does nothing to exploit his particular qualities. The first performance, apart from Annette Page's

ROYAL BALLET STUDENTS REHEARSE: Peggy Van Praagh rehearsing two lots of Cygnets for the production of Le Lac des Cygnes, *which was given by the students of the Royal Ballet School on March 19. This was one of Peggy Van Praagh's last assignments before she leaves for Australia to artistically advise for the Borovansky Ballet. Photo: Dominic.*

sweetly phrased ballerina, was, to put it no stronger, shabbily danced. At least three girls were nearly dropped, and the *corps de ballet* appeared to be in a perpetual state of impending collision. There was, however, a neat *pas de trois,* in which Douglas Steuart was a welcome newcomer at Covent Garden.

The later performance, which found Blair slightly more at ease, was also interesting for Merle Park's Covent Garden début as the Ballerina. Musical, bouyant and lively, she danced the part with immense charm, and more wit than I can ever recall — even though I only saw Markova dance the solo variation. Park's technical command was equally remarkable, and altogether I loved her in the ballet. There was one major fault in her performance, however, in that the impossibility of being in two places at once meant that Doreen Wells had the unenviable task of following her in the *pas de trois.* Wells, less spontaneous and more calculating, was nevertheless attractive and assured.

On February 15 there was another cast change in *Les Rendezvous* when Gary Burne danced the principal male rôle for the first time. It was a brave attempt, but unfortunately in a rôle where faultless technique is a basic minimum requirement his untidiness stood him in bad stead. Burne really must learn to point his feet better, stop thumping down on the stage, and generally improve his finish. He is an enormously gifted dancer, who recently has been working extremely hard to eradicate his stylistic faults. A rôle such as this shows that he has still some distance to go, but he is still young and this need not cause him any serious worry. A much more real danger would be for him to be lulled by the ready applause won by his extrovert personality and undeniably effective showmanship, otherwise the promise of a truly fine dancer could easily become obscured by the achievement of a rather flashy one.

On February 13 a new cast made its appearance in *Les Sylphides,* led by Anya Linden and Ronald Hynd, with Shirley Grahame in the Waltz and Vyvyan Lorrayne in the Prelude. Linden had a completely appropriate air of rapt enchantment and, like Grahame and Lorrayne, danced with a proper sensibility. Hynd remains a puzzlement in the ballet. His natural romantic bearing and looks should place him among the forefront of the work's British interpreters, yet it seems that the choreography does not really suit him, and his dancing takes on a somewhat straggling appearance.

Cranko's *Pineapple Poll* is, as was only to be expected, becoming an old faithful in the repertory. When it was first pressed into Covent Garden service, I criticised the main company's dancers for not showing the same spirit as the Theatre Ballet of yesteryear. Probably they still don't, but by now they have assimilated the work, dance it in their own way, and give it a performance as good as any in the past. The ballet is now full of fine cameo characterisation notably by Jacqueline Daryl, Ronald Plaisted and, perhaps particularly Lambert Cox. In the Finale, Keith Rosson is now giving Bryan Lawrence a very good run for his money in the high jump stakes.

The performance on the evening of February 27 showed that Doreen Wells has now got the full measure of *Poll,* and also had Johaar Mosaval making his, surely somewhat belated, début with the company in the part of Jaspar. Dancing with exquisite delicacy he repeated all his former success in the part.

C. B.

Two Giselles

HOW do you perform a classic? If the classic in question is music, then the answer can be quite straightforward, for the composer's score can still be unearthed by musicologists as a sign-post. We, with no living dramatic tradition, unlike the French with their Racine or the Russians with their Tchekov, throw authenticity to the winds, and produce Shakespeare as the whim takes us, our one aim being to make it immediate to contemporary audiences.

In ballet the choice is even more difficult, for the production of a ballet classic, such as *Giselle,* is to all intents and purposes a journey without maps; we are working with things a good deal less tangible than musical scores or play manuscripts. Not only do we not know how Carlotta Grisi danced Giselle, we are not even very certain of just what it was she danced. But curiously enough the choice still exists; either one can play Giselle according to *how we imagine* (the italics are important) it was danced by the Romantic ballerinas, or alternatively we can start from scratch, by saying this is the conventional framework of choreography and production, now let us place within it an interpretation that will mean something to contemporary audiences. The first is the method of a Markova, the second of a Ulanova, and it is only if you are a Chauviré that you try, with surprising success, to have the best of both worlds.

Covent Garden's two latest recruits to the honourable and muslined ranks of Giselle were Annette Page on the afternoon of February 27, and Lynn Seymour exactly a week later. Interestingly these two young dancers, at least at their débuts, provided most rewarding contrasts in their choice between what might be called the "classical" and "modern" approaches to the rôle.

Page presented a remarkable successful evocation of period style, everything about her seemed subtly and persuasively calculated to recall the old Romantic lithographs. Her appearance — all ashen pallor and ebony — her delicate, fragile-steel points, the soft ethereal quality of her *port de bras,* and the fluid, stylisation of her Romantic mime — almost Bournonville in its idiom — all carried an air of apparent authenticity. It was a most successful and charming first performance upholding the

Markova tradition.

She was considerably helped by the Albrecht of Ronald Hynd, also new to the ballet. His virile bearing was a constant asset, and his acting disguised a carefully thought out characterisation with a beautifully sustained air of spontaneity. His actual dancing was less impressive, and although adequate it nevertheless detracted from his total performance.

While Page can naturally suggest gossamer and thistledown, Seymour cannot. It was therefore inevitable that she should enrol in the Ulanova school. She made a wonderful, breath-catching début, more flawed than Page's, yet having in it, quite simply, the seeds of greatness. Her mime in the first act was just a shade (but an all-important shade) too obviously contrived, too externalised, with apparently insufficient identification with the betrayed peasant girl. The first act variation, apart from a few shaky *chainé* turns at the end, could hardly be bettered, and throughout her dancing was possibly immature, but definitely superb.

Seymour's appearance in the last act had, like Ulanova's, more the semblance of a dream vision than a spirit, and was danced with almost heart-breaking eloquence. Seymour is an unorthodox dancer, a true original. Her feet, for example, are far from immaculate, she does not always keep her knees straight, and she is capable of some surprisingly gawky transitional movements; even so there is an astonishing flow and musicality to her dancing, moments of breadth and grandeur, a sense of command and a feeling of rapture. Seymour may have a long way to go, yet to my mind it is obvious where that way is leading.

Blair surpassed himself as Albrecht, turning in by far his best performance of the rôle. Acting, dancing and partnering were all superlative, and I was especially interested to notice that he has returned to a variant of the "Bolshoi" conclusion of the ballet which he first adopted, and later abandoned, a few seasons back. The effect of this poetic and dignified ending would be increased if Covent Garden made use, as do the Bolshoi, of the original score at this point. Merle Park and Doreen Wells, both partnered by John Sale, proved a lively trio of newcomers to the Burgmüller *Pas de Deux*. Both the girls danced with zestful *brio*, and Sale, although not yet in the Shaw/Clegg class, danced with ease and style in this, his first major rôle. Christine Beckley (with Page) and the splendidly free-jumping Shirley Grahame (with Seymour) made as malevolent a brace of Myrthas as you could wish, while Franklin White produced an improved Hilarion, a good way removed from the "noble woodcutter" who has in recent years become the standard.

C. B.

LONDON'S FESTIVAL BALLET
at Streatham Hill Theatre

ON February 8, Festival Ballet opened their short Spring tour with a performance at Streatham Hill Theatre. The programme included Lichine's *Concerti* with a new and very promising pair of principals in the Vivaldi concerto. Dianne Richards' dancing is always musical, assured and commendably free of any kind of fussiness. In *Concerti*, her attack had not quite the bite of Belinda Wright, who created the part, but in her own way Richards was an improvement on everyone else who has danced it since Wright.

Her partner was Ben Stevenson, who used to be known as John Stevens when he danced with the Royal Ballet. Although his dancing was neat, able and controlled, he not unnaturally lacked Gilpin's remarkable flair for the adroit change of rhythm from fast, intricate dancing to a sustained pose. Nevertheless, there were moments in Stevenson's dancing when he almost caught something of the Gilpin manner, and others when he imposed a personal style of his own.

From *Concerti* we went without an interval straight into the *Don Quixote pas de deux* — and what a difference. André Prokovsky now gives his series of *doubles tours en l'air* with more finish than sometimes in the past; his exuberant air of confidence is rather engaging, but in my quaint old-fashioned way I like to see a male dancer hold his head up (an elementary point which Prokovsky somehow overlooked on this occasion), and I even think it's nicer if he pays a little deference — just now and again — to his partner. Marilyn Burr, unfortunately, seemed only too well matched with Prokovsky. "Glamour" of the most artificial kind replaced the clean, honest classical dancing she has shown herself capable of. Even her costume was cut, Hollywood fashion, with a little too much regard for what might be called (but isn't) the Monroe Doctrine.

Also given was *London Morning*. About this you either feel as I do or else you are not likely to be convinced now. Either way, there is no point in discussing it at length. Just for the record, the delinquents have been cut out: instead the schoolgirls make another entrance and — guess what? One of them wears the policeman's helmet. Ronald Emblen danced the gentleman in the bath-chair, but as was to be expected this part loses its whole point without Dolin.

John Percival.

TELEVISION
BAYANIHAN DANCE COMPANY

Given on BBC Television on February 11. Choreographer and dance director: Lucrecia Reyes Urtula. Designer: Stanley Dorfman. Producer: Margaret Dale.

WHILE this was one of the most exhilarating dance programmes seen for some time, it must be acknowledged that this engaging company loses more than most troupes when deprived of colour. The dances, varying as they do from the trivial to the picturesque and fascinating, appeared to be selected solely for their entertainment value. Moreover, as none of them went very deep, they could be enjoyed without any knowledge of the finer inflections of the Filipino cultural environment. There were none of the gods, heroes, kings or monsters which go to complicate Oriental or Indian dance, and the dancers themselves were without the enamelled maquillage which often obliterates facial expression in these styles.

Though there were no dull spots, the programme was not entirely flawless. The "primitive" opening item, the *Ifulgao Festival Dance*, seemed unpagan and contrived — almost as though it were some slick reproduction commissioned by Manila University's Department of Anthropology. The *Jota Moncadeña* had plenty of decorative charm, but being about thrice removed from its source, it showed the *jota* whittled down to ballroom dance level, with swivel steps instead of jumps. The much-discussed *Singkil* dance, with its miniature Princess, Prince and suite threading their way through a labyrinth of poles ferociously clashed together ankle-level, proved to be cameraman's dream, and lingering close-ups and overhead shots penetrated its patterns to produce exciting visual effects.

Margaret Dale's astute production was in an appropriate roving-eye documentary style, leisurely and informal rather than precision tooled, and the static effect which so often results when a stage presentation is televised was at all times avoided. In the long and hectic closing item, the *Rural Philippines Suite*, which was accompanied by incessant shouts, songs, clapping, and especially, laughter, the cameras were directed with an awareness of the inter-relationships of the soloists and figures in groups. It was rearranged slightly to include the *Maglalatik*, the dance in which the boys tattoo out rhythms on the half-coconut shells harnessed to their chests, hips and thighs. I liked the effect of the electronic rain for the rice-planting scene. The sing-song chant of Benida Santos's narration was somewhat disconcerting, although her summary of the Philippines' historical past — 400 years in a convent and 50 in Hollywood — was an appealing piece of cynicism.

E. C. M.

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Dance and Dancers . . . . . ABROAD

FRANCE

CARMEN AMAYA

FORSAKING the vast Théâtre des Champs Elysées, where she made her reappearance last year, Carmen Amaya found at the Théâtre de l'Etoile on February 2 the warm welcome which is appropriate to her frenzied art. Once again her fiery presence and her almost manly force, which is sometimes alleviated by a broad smile, was quickly appreciated. Her art defies the usual standards of criticism, and her great originality is worth today as much as yesterday a special place in an art form which is often now so brilliantly presented.

Nevertheless, it must be acknowledged that with the exception of a *Farucca* by the young Isidro Lopez — a promising newcomer — hers is now a gypsy company in name only. Spanish dances of the 18th-century, Fandangos and Jotas can hardly harmonise with the style of Amaya herself, and her dancers are not able to rival the performance given by Pilar Lopez's company.

Is it for fear of internal competition that she has resorted to this folly, or has it just happened? Nevertheless, the balance of her programme was jeopardised, and one retains only the vivid memory of the *Alegrías, Soleares* and *Bulerías,* danced by the fiery heels of Carmen Amaya.

NEWS IN BRIEF

FULL reviews of the two new productions given by the Paris Oéera — *La Dame aux Camélias* and *Qarrtsiluni* — will be found on pages 10-13.

Harald Lander has just been appointed Director of the Ecole de Danse at the Opéra as successor to Lycette Darsonval. He has already announced a number of forthcoming reforms.

THE Pilar Lopez Ballet Espagnol gave a series of 20 performances at the Bobino Music-Hall from January 28.

ON January 4, the Jeunesses Musicales de France presented an evening of Spanish dance at the Salle Pleyel, bringing together José de la Vega, Pastora Martos, Julia Alonso and Laura Salinos.

THE première of Peter Van Dijk's *Le Peau de Chagrin,* based on a novel by Balzac to music by Ivan Semenoff, took place at the Opéra-Comique on March 4.

DURING the fourth season of the Théâtre des Nations — from March 15 to July 15 — the following companies have so far been announced. The Folk-Dance Company of Korea, the National Greek Ensemble, the Little Ballet Company of Bombay, the Ballet de Lima from Peru, the Turkish Ensemble, the Dogon of Bamako troupe, and a company from the Ivory Coast.

Besides these, the Théâtre de la Monnaie of Brussels will stage Maurice Béjart's production of *Le Sacre du Printemps,* and the Netherlands Ballet will dance Lifar's *Moor of Venice.*

ON his return from Helsinki, where he reproduced several works, Serge Lifar gave a lecture demonstration at the Sorbonne, with the assistance of Yvette Chauviré and Ludmilla Tcherina.

ON January 28, the Théâtre Municipal de Mulhouse gave the first performance of Gene Robinson's ballet, *Seven Days in New York.* Its jazz- symphonic score was by Robert Bergmann, and its principal dancers, Suzan Francis and Stepan Wenta.

Marie-Françoise Christout.

AMERICA

BALLET THEATRE'S N.Y. SEASON

ON the eve of American Ballet Theatre's departure for Europe and Russia (where this troupe will be the first American Dance Company to perform in the Soviet Union), the company's Twentieth Anniversary Season starts its three-week run on April 19. This engagement, which runs through May 7, has been officially proclaimed as "The American Ballet Theatre's Twentieth Anniversary Celebration" by New York City's Mayor Wagner.

The principal dancers will be Nora Kaye, Erik Bruhn, Lupe Serrano, John Kriza, Scott Douglas, Ruth Ann Koesun and Royes Fernandez, as well as Ady Addor and Tommy Rall. Guest Artists for the New York Season are Alicia Markova, Claude Bessy, Alicia Alonso and Igor Youskevitch. Soloists are Sallie Wilson, Glen Tetley, Irene Apinee, Christine Mayer, Elizabeth Carroll, Martin Scheepers, Ivan Allen and Darrell Notra. Dimitri Romanoff, who is celebrating his twentieth year with the company, is regisseur and Fernand Nault is the ballet master. Conductors are Kenneth Schermerhorn and Jan Tomasow.

NEWCOMERS TO BALLET THEATRE

ADY ADDOR, the Brazilian ballerina, who danced with the company in 1957 and 1958 but has not yet appeared with them in New York, is eagerly awaited, although it appears unlikely that she will continue on the European and Russian tour. (Nora Kaye, likewise, may absent herself later on for appearances with Herbert Ross's company in Paris.) Irene Apinee has been a soloist with the Canadian National Ballet and Martin Scheepers, a discovery of Dimitri Romanoff's, who has appeared with London's Festival Ballet and Les Ballets de Paris, comes from the Netherlands. Glen Tetley, another new soloist with the company, was formerly a member of both Martha Graham's and John Butler's dance groups. Previously, he was assistant choreographer to Hanya Holm in London for *Where's Charley?,* and has also danced in the New York Productions of *Kiss Me, Kate* and *June.*

TWO AMERICAN PREMIERES

AMERICAN BALLET THEATRE will première two new productions this month. The first, *Lady From the Sea,* based on the Ibsen play, is choreographed by Birgit Culberg with a new score by Knudage Riisager and designs by Kerstin Hedeby. The second, Herbert Ross's *Serenade for Seven,* which was originally created for last summer's Festival of Two Worlds at Spoleto, Italy, is set to Leonard Bernstein's "Serenade for Solo Violin, String Orchestra, Harp and Percussion".

Five revivals have been added for the anniversary celebration. They are : *Chopin Concerto,* a revised version of William Dollar's *Constantia* ; *Bluebeard* ; Antony Tudor's *Jardin Aux Lilas* ; Agnes de Mille's *Rodeo* ; and *La Fille Mal Gardée.* Other ballets in the repertory for the New York season include : *Billy the Kid, Caprichos, Design with Strings, Fall River Legend, Fancy Free, Giselle, Graduation Ball, Judgment of Paris, Les Sylphides, Miss Julie, The Pas de Quatre, Pillar of Fire, The Combat, Theme and Variations,* as well as four *pas de deux.* Agnes de Mille, Birgit Culberg, Eugene Loring, William Dollar, David Lichine, Herbert Ross and John Taras have been rehearsing their own ballets for the New York season and the European and Russian tour. However, as we go to press, it is not definite whether or not Antony Tudor and Jerome Robbins will perform a similar function for their works.

DANCE IN CUBA

AS we go to press, it is most likely that American Ballet Theatre will dance in Havana, Cuba, at the invitation of Fidel Castro, during the week of March 28. All of the stars and soloists, with the exception of the New York season guest artists, are expected to participate, as is, of course, Cuba's most brilliant dancer, Alicia Alonso. Other dancers likely to take part in Cuba's present bid for better public relations include the possibility of either Raissa Struchkova or Maya Plisetskaya of the Bolshoi Ballet.

TALLCHIEF LEAVES N.Y. CITY BALLET

MARIA TALLCHIEF, *Prima Ballerina Assoluta* of the New York City Ballet, resigned after the recent season with the company, during which time she had the greatest critical and public acclaim of her career. In an interview with *New York Herald-Tribune's* dance critic, Walter Terry, she was quoted and printed as stating, "I can stand being listed alphabetically if I must, but I will not be treated alphabetically."

Lucia Chase, co-director of American Ballet Theatre, has invited Maria Tallchief to join American Ballet Theatre. However, it appears unlikely that she will appear during the Met. season but it is more than possible that she may join the company for Europe and Russia. In addition, Toni Lander joins Ballet Theatre in Lisbon, Portugal, for their May 15-29 season there and onwards.

GRAHAM'S NEW YORK SEASON

DEPENDING upon the availability of a New York Theatre, Martha Graham's long-awaited season is due to start on April 25 or 26 with her masterwork, *Clytemnestra,* the evening-long work, on opening night. Robert Irving is to be Musical Director for this season. Two new works, as yet untitled, will be premièred. One is to a score by Carlos Surinach, the other is to music by Vivian Fine.

N.Y. CITY BALLET'S SEASON

THE New York City Ballet starts a four-week season on March 29 which will run through April 24 and its final week will be played in competition to American Ballet Theatre. One new work is planned for this season and this is the première of George Balanchine's *The Figure in the Carpet,* with a scenario by George Lewis, to music of Handel (Water Music and Fireworks Music), and with scenery by David Hays.

It also appears more than likely that some of the more successful sections of *Pan America* will be revived separately during the season.

DANCE AT SPOLETO

GIAN-CARLO MENOTTI, director of the Festival of Two Worlds that takes place in Spoleto, Italy, each summer, has invited Lincoln Kirstein, general director of the New York City Ballet, to form a dance company for this event. Thus far, it appears

more than likely that Paul Taylor, Merce Cunningham, Donald McKayle and Akkiko Kanda, all of whom have appeared with Martha Graham previously at one time or another, will participate, as will Arthur Mitchell of the New York City Ballet.

GEORGIAN STATE DANCE CO.

S. HUROK is presenting the troupe of 60 of the Georgian State Dance Company of the U.S.S.R. in New York and on an American tour under the official Cultural Exchange Programme between the United States and the Soviet Union. (A contingent of male soloists from this company performed in New York last summer at the Russian Festival of Music and Dance and the entire group recently appeared in Britain.) The company gave its opening performance at the Metropolitan Opera House on March 20 and then moved to Madison Square Gardens for a four-day engagement before taking off on a ten-week tour that takes the company to twenty of the principal cities of the U.S. and Canada.

DANISH BALLET TO RETURN

THE Royal Danish Ballet is to make its second tour of America during late summer and early autumn. Arriving on the West Coast from Copenhagen, flying via the Polar route, the company will open its tour of sixty performances in mid-August. They are slated to appear in San Francisco, Los Angeles, Dallas, Chicago, Washington, Philadelphia and Montreal. At present, New York City, where the company scored its first and greatest success in America, is not included in their touring plans due to the fact that no theatre of suitable size is available. Neither has there been any announcement of the repertory. However, if the company does not come to New York, it is safe to say that a goodly portion of New Yorkers will make the trip to Washington or Philadelphia to again see this greatly admired company.

FESTIVAL AT COLUMBIA UNIVERSITY

COLUMBIA UNIVERSITY'S 5th Annual "World Dance Festival", a benefit performance for its foreign student grant-in-aid fund, was presented by the International Students' Club of the university at its McMillin Theatre on March 12th. Among those participating were the Olatunji African Group of ten dancers and six drummers ; Paik Cho Kim, from Korea ; Carmella Diaz, of Bolivia ; the Original Enziane, a six-man group from Germany ; the eighteen-member Lithuanian Folk Dance Ensemble of New York ; Kinereth, a quintet of young sabras from Israel ; the Poncho Villa duet, from Mexico ; Hiro Kuroda, of Japan ; and Paul Taylor, of America.

FRENCH DANCERS ON TV

NOELLE ADAM, remembered from the quite unfortunate *The Broken Date,* made a rather inauspicious appearance on the Ed Sullivan programme, where she danced as a model posing for four artists. Quite the opposite, however, was the impression made by Liane Daydé and Michel Renault in their performance of the *Don Quixote pas de deux* on the Dinah Shore programme in which their timing, lovely extensions and definite style were noteworthy.

GLEN TETLEY, new soloist with American Ballet Theatre and rumoured to be a principal dancer in the Nora Kaye-Herbert Ross group to tour Europe. Tetley was previously a member of the Martha Graham and John Butler companies and was also assistant to Hanya Holm in Where's Charley? *in London, and has danced in New York productions of* Kiss Me Kate *and* Juno.

ALVIN AILEY DANCE THEATRE

DURING the past month any number of fine dancers (Merce Cunningham, Charles Weidman, Pearl Lang, Paul Taylor, Joyce Trisler and Jean Erdman) have appeared in New York concerts and of those viewed by this observer, Alvin Ailey and his Dance Theatre were by far the most outstanding, especially if what one expects to see is real dancing performed as theatre. Alvin Ailey's first programme at New York's YM-YWHA on January 31 was sold out to standing room and the cheers and bravos led to a repeat performance by popular demand on February 28.

Highlights of both programmes were *Creation of the World,* to Milhaud's music, in which Alvin Ailey and guest artist Matt Turney, of Martha Graham's company, danced a glowing duet inspired by the world's oldest love story. *Revelations,* which was considerably shortened and edited for its second showing, "explores motivations and emotions of Negro religious music which, like its heir the Blues, takes many forms — 'true spirituals' with their sustained melodies, ring shouts, song-sermons, gospel songs, and holy blues — songs of trouble, of Love of deliverance". This work for a large group was beautifully composed and had sections of great movement beauty that were deeply touching. *Blues Suite,* in which Alvin Ailey dances so superbly, was noteworthy as always, and *Cinco Latinos* on the second programme replaced *Soneera,* to Caturla's music, which was the only disappointing work on the first programme since its balletic demands were not fully met by the participating dancers. All in all, however, Alvin Ailey is one of the most exciting dancer-choreographers on the American scene today. Quite certainly he is a credit to both his Negro race and the American dance field as well.

CHARLES WEIDMAN

CHARLES WEIDMAN, one of America's great dancer - choreographer - teachers, appeared with his Theatre Dance Company recently in three week-end performances at the Henry Street Playhouse in a programme chiefly inspired by the works of humorist James Thurber. Since Charles Weidman is a genius as a dance-mime certain of the Thurber fables, especially *The Clothes Moth and the Luna Moth* and *The Tigress and her Mate,* were small masterpieces of wit. Two large works, *Is Sex Necessary?* and *The War Between Men and Women,* were, however, over-long and confused, and required more professional dancers in the lesser rôles. On the other hand, the opening work, *Classroom Modern Style,* a sort of *exercise de style* of modern dance techniques, was beautifully composed and served as a reminder of the rich dance heritage that has emerged from the Doris Humphrey-Charles Weidman collaboration.

MERCE CUNNINGHAM

MERCE CUNNINGHAM, who is technically one of the most superb dance instruments in the field of American modern dance, presented a concert recently at the Phoenix Theatre that was sold out to standing room and at prices ranging from $8.33 a ticket downwards. The audience, which seemed to consist of every painter, photographer and beatnik in New York (perhaps many dancers couldn't afford these prices) gave Merce Cunningham and his company of five dancers a roaring ovation. Regretfully taking a decidedly minority view, I must say that this entire programme was anti-dance if I have ever seen it. There was no shape, no form, no sense, no style to what took place on the stage with the

possible exception of a few movement phrases from Merce Cunningham's solo, *Changeling*. The music from the orchestra pit, under the direction of composer John Cage, was pure cacophony employing everything from a "prepared" piano, to whistles, toys, horns and metal "crickets". *Rune*, whose programme note read, "The continuity of this dance is so arranged that it can change from performance to performance," apparently had a score to match. Quite frankly, I couldn't have cared less save for the fact that one mourns the loss of such a potentially magnificent dancer into such a sea of nothingness. Indeed, one shudders to think how this company will be received by Europeans at Spoleto. One can only hope that they will not feel that *all* American dance is like this.

NEW DANCE BOOKS

ISADORA DUNCAN continues as quite a living legend in America and the publication of *Isadora : A Revolutionary in Art and Love*, by Allan Ross Macdougall (Thomas Nelson & Sons, N.Y., $5.00), is a valuable addition to her recorded history. Equally noteworthy in another field is Olga Maynard's *The American Ballet* (Macrae Smith Co., Philadelphia, $7.50), a vivid chronicle of the exciting trail blazed by the American dance in the field of ballet. Also timely is *Dance Perspectives No. 6*, the dance quarterly whose current issue is devoted entirely to 20 years of Ballet Theatre.

DANCE MAGAZINE'S AWARDS

DANCE MAGAZINE'S Annual Awards for this year go to Fred Astaire, George Balanchine and Dorothy Alexander, founder of the thirty year-old Atlanta (Georgia) Civic Ballet. Although the traditional presentation ceremonies have not yet taken place, the citations for these awards have already been announced as follows :

"To Fred Astaire, whose genuineness and uncompromising craftsmanship throughout a brilliant career have brought a special stature to the style and taste of American dance entertainment — in theatre, film and television."

"To George Balanchine, who has created a twentieth century classicism in ballet ; has moulded a generation of dancers to project that image ; and in his choreography reveals a constant sensing of challenge."

"To Dorothy Alexander, whose artistry and vision have helped define the role of dance at community level, and whose awareness of the creative needs of young people make her the inspiration and symbol of today's flourishing regional ballet movement." **Arthur Todd.**

MERCE CUNNINGHAM (above) in his new solo — Changeling. *He recently had a very successful season in New York and is scheduled to appear in Europe this summer. Photo : Richard Rutledge.*

New Western Approaches

continued from page 9

Bolshoi dancers perform.

The *Swan Lake pas de trois* fared less happily, although how much of this was due to the horrifying, atrocious, abominable (but I am being generous) playing of the orchestra, is difficult to judge. My heart bled for dancers and conductor John White, alike. But in fact neither Anne Hyde nor the pretty Anna Price, nor Rodney MacDonald, were really up to the demands of the choreography, even though the latter showed considerable promise.

I was disappointed by the company's new ballets, yet I must emphasise as strongly as I know how that I was far from disappointed by the company itself. That particular quality of homogeneity that it has possessed right from its earliest days is now even stronger, and the group has a youth and freshness that gives it a personality completely of its own. Held together by the incredible tigress-like tenacity of its director, Elizabeth West, Western Theatre Ballet has a key part to play in the British ballet scene. On the other hand there were some things about my trip to Hanley that I found disquieting.

Béjart's *Sonate à Trois* is a splendid example of that kind of off-beat ballet which this company, and this company alone, has contributed to the British repertory. (The fact that I personally did not care for the work is not relevant.) And the Robert Harrold *pas de trois* had wit and originality. Yet the rest of the programme, to my mind, showed signs of a lowering of the flag, if not the standard. Both the Darrell and the Wright works looked to me like audience-bait, and this is not the kind of baiting I feel the company can most usefully perform.

The fact is, as I see it, that Western Theatre Ballet has so far been attempting two probably incompatible aims. The first basic intention, dear to the heart of both its director and management, has been to provide Britain with its first regional ballet company. The second has been to contribute to the living art of ballet. To achieve the first aim one has to travel at snail's pace — I suspect the ideal programme would be *Les Sylphides, Swan Lake* Act 2, and the last act of *Casse Noisette* — yet to attain the second one needs the support of a sophisticated audience not likely to exist in large enough numbers to make survival outside of London economically possible. Here, I think, is a cross-road. Either the Western Theatre Ballet can concentrate on the very praiseworthy and important task of bringing good ballet to places where it does not at present go. If this is the course they wish to take, I think they will find it desirable to forget all about Brecht and Sartre, to cut down on *musique concrète*, Bartók and Milhaud, and forget about H-bombs and lesbianism. The most advantageous *commercial* fare would be tastefully potted classics and jolly romps.

Such a direction would make the future of the company economically more secure, and it could also fulfil a very useful function. Yet, and let me show my hand here, the qualities that I find most interesting in this company are those very same off-beat virtues which at the moment tend to scare away provincial audiences. Secure in my metropolitan ivory tower, I personally would like to see Western Theatre Ballet more *avant garde* than it is at present. I would like to see it outrageously cocking a snook at the combined established forces of the Royal Ballet, the Ballet Rambert and London's Festival Ballet. Yet to do this I cannot help feeling that to have any chance of survival it would have to be based primarily in London, preferably at some established national centre like the Sadler's Wells Theatre, where it could perhaps work in harness with the Opera Company. What strikes me as certain is that the company, if it is to keep going, cannot continue in its attempt to have its cake both ways. Either it must be new and adventurous, or old and safe, and if it can achieve a compromise between the two, I shall be both surprised and wrong. **Clive Barnes.**

ELSSLER IN DUBLIN

Continued from page 15

"She is to perform but two nights more, and those who neglect to see her will have much to answer for."

SEVEN performances were, in truth, few enough, and all too soon, on September 6, the evening of Fanny Elssler's last appearance arrived. The performance was given for her benefit, and the audience were treated not only to *Nathalie* but also *Le Délire d'un Peintre,* her very latest creation, which Jules Perrot had produced for her at the end of the London season. Her performance in this ballet inspired the *Freeman's Journal* to publish the next day a real paean of praise which must have rung joyfully in her ears as she left Ireland :

"OF a surety, Fanny Elssler was determined to leave many a delirious victim to her fascinations at her departure from Dublin. After the ballet of *Nathalie* and an interlude, there was produced last evening the most poetical pantomimic sketch we have ever seen on any stage. A young enthusiastic painter has embodied his dreams of beauty in a picture of female loveliness, which, when finished, takes entire possession of his mind. Nowhere can he see the realization of his ideal, and madness and wasting passion seize upon his soul — his occupations are deserted, and his widowed mother, whose only hope he is, uses every persuasion in vain to restore him to himself. An 'agaçante' Andalusian, a widow, who has heard of his genius, comes in all the witchery of mantilla and mourning to have herself painted by him. The mother described his state to the fair stranger, and expresses her fears that her son will never paint more. She goes to seek him, however, and in her absence a natural curiosity induces the widow to remove the veil which ever covers the picture from vulgar eyes ; she is charmed to perceive in it a striking resemblance to herself, and conceals herself on the painter's approach, with whom she is immediately smitten. He covers again his adored picture, but when he next goes to view it, lo! it has become animated, and it is to him the very ecstasy of madness when the beloved object, with motion ethereal, glides from the frame — he trembles, can scarce breathe, hangs on every twinkling step of the embodied sylph, attempts to convey to canvas every witching *posée* which his enchantress assumes, and at length, by slow degrees, becomes convinced of the blissful reality of the object which has existed for him hitherto only in the wild realms of imagination.

"Such is the graceful outline which the genius of Fanny Elssler (and let us add, the talent of Silvain) filled in and completed into the most enchanting piece of fascination — the most perfect realization of all that the powers of pantomimic grace can be deemed capable of ever presented to a wondering audience. We have seen every *danseuse* of eminence in Europe, in all their most celebrated characters, and confess that never have we seen a rival to Elssler in the *Délire d'un Peintre.* Duvernay in the *Cachucha,* Carlotta Grisi in *La Jolie Fille de Gand,* Cerito in *Alma* — nay, not Taglioni herself, in all her power in the *Gitana* or *Sylphide* — at all approaches her. Who can describe the grace and classic beauty of her attitudes, each one a study for a sculptor? The airy lightness with which she actually swam in air round the enraptured painter — the wonderful *glissade* on the very points of her toes from one end of the stage to the other (the audience were positively frenzied by this wondrous movement, peculiarly her own, and most obligingly she repeated it), and the crowning glories of the beautiful bolero! At the hour of the night we write it were vain to attempt it. We can only say that we had the satisfaction to see that all the spectators in one of the most crowded houses of the season seemed to appreciate the treat as highly as we did."

COVER STORIES

This month's front cover, by Roy Round, is of Annette Page and Ronald Hynd in the first act of the Royal Ballet's Giselle. **They danced this ballet together for the first time in February at Covent Garden.**

ANNETTE PAGE was born in Manchester, where she was first taught by Josephine Lewis. She won a scholarship to the Sadler's Wells School in 1945. After five years at this school, during which period she made her first appearance on the stage, at Covent Garden, as a student-mouse in *The Sleeping Beauty,* as well as appearing as the dog, Pepé, in Ashton's *A Wedding Banquet,* amongst other rôles which Royal Ballet students perform. It was in 1950 that she became a full member of the Sadler's Wells Theatre Ballet. At this period, animals appear to have been her speciality, for one of her first created rôles was as a Monkey in John Cranko's *Children's Corner.* Over three years, as she moved from *corps de ballet* to soloist rôles, her progress was gradual. By the time she came to take over soloist parts she had developed a decided personality whether she was appearing in classical works or in modern ones.

In 1955, she was promoted to the company at Covent Garden as a soloist, and there she took over a number of rôles with growing mastery. In the autumn of 1959 she reached ballerina status and since then has appeared in most of the full-length classics in the Royal Ballet's repertory.

RONALD HYND was born in London and first trained with Madame Rambert, in whose production of *Giselle* he made his stage début in 1946—in a walking-on part. During the Rambert tour of Australia, Hynd stayed behind and appeared in a London show. When the company returned, he joined it, dancing in the *corps de ballet.* Shortly after that he became a leading soloist and took over a number of important rôles in the Rambert repertory — in the classics and in works by Tudor, Gore and Ashton.

At the end of 1951 he left Ballet Rambert and joined the Royal Ballet at Covent Garden. For a time he was noticeable in the *corps de ballet* for his elevation and his distinguished stage appearance. It was really in Cranko's *The Shadow,* dancing as a pair with Desmond Doyle, that he started to make his presence felt. Since then he has taken over a number of important rôles which have been made memorable owing to his intelligence and artistry. Although not, at the time of writing, listed as a first principal dancer in the company, he partners his wife, Annette Page, in most of the classics.

Ballet Dates

THE ROYAL BALLET
at the Royal Opera House, Covent Garden

March
17 *Les Sylphides, Antigone, Ballabile*
19 **(M)** *Le Lac des Cygnes* by students of the Royal Ballet School
19 **(E)** *Ondine* (Fonteyn, Somes)
26 **(E)** *Les Rendezvous, La Fille Mal Gardée* (Nerina, Blair)
28 *Le Lac des Cygnes* (Beriosova, MacLeary)

April
1 *Les Rendezvous, La Fille Mal Gardée* (Nerina, Blair)
2 **(M)** *Danses Concertantes, Giselle* (Linden, Blair)
2 **(E)** *Ondine* (Fonteyn, Somes)
2 **(E)** *Ondine* (Fonteyn, Somes)
6 *Danses Concertantes, Giselle* (Fonteyn, Somes)
12 *La Fête Etrange, Le Baiser de la Fée* (Première), *Pineapple Poll*
13 *Ondine* (Fonteyn, Somes)
16 **(M)** *La Fête Etrange, Le Baiser de la Fée, Les Rendezvous*
18 *Ballabile, Antigone, Pineapple Poll*
21 *Ballabile, Le Baiser de la Fée, La Fête Etrange*
23 **(E)** *Les Rendezvous, Giselle* (Fonteyn, Somes)
25 *Ondine* (Fonteyn, Somes)
28 *La Valse, La Fête Etrange, Petrushka*
30 **(M)** *Le Lac des Cygnes* (Linden, Somes)
30 **(E)** *Ballabile, La Fille Mal Gardée* (Park, Blair)

May
3 *La Valse, La Fille Mal Gardée* (Nerina, Blair)
6 *Petrushka, Les Rendezvous, Antigone*
7 **(M)** *Petrushka, Les Rendezvous, Le Baiser de la Fée*
7 **(E)** *Les Sylphides, Le Baiser de la Fée, Firebird*
9 *Ondine* (Fonteyn, Somes)
11 *Le Lac des Cygnes* (Grey, Ashbridge)
12 *La Valse, Giselle* (Beriosova, MacLeary)
17 *Antigone, Les Sylphides, Le Baiser de la Fée*
18 *Le Lac des Cygnes* (Grey, Ashbridge)
21 **(M)** *Scènes de Ballet, La Fille Mal Gardée* (Park, Blair. MacLeary)
26 *Antigone, Les Sylphides, Baiser de la Fée*
28 **(M)** *Scènes de Ballet, La Fille Mal Gardée* (Nerina, Blair)
28 **(E)** *Scènes de Ballet, Giselle* (Grey, Ashbridge)

BALLET RAMBERT

March
14 The Belgrade Theatre, Coventry
21 The Opera House, Leicester
28 Essoldo Theatre, Southport

April
4 Her Majesty's Theatre, Carlisle
18 The White Rock Pavilion, Hastings

May
2 The Theatre Royal, Exeter
16 The Civic Theatre, Chesterfield
23 The Theatre Royal, Norwich

July
18 The Sadler's Wells Theatre, London (2 weeks)

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at the Sadler's Wells Theatre, London

April
18 *Le Sacre du Printemps* (Béjart), *Oedipus Rex* (Wells Opera)
19 *Orphée* (full-length Béjart ballet)
20, 21 *Symphonie Concertante* (Charrat), *The Prisoners* (Western Theatre Ballet), *Grieg Concerto* (Charrat), *Le Sacre du Printemps* (Béjart)
22 *Les Algues* (Charrat), *Symphonie pour un Homme Seul* (Béjart), *Le Sacre du Printemps* (Béjart)
23 **(M & E)** *Orphée* (Béjart)

INTERNATIONAL FESTIVALS

PARIS : Théâtre des Nations at the Théâtre Sarah-Bernhardt.
May 11-15, The Brussels Théâtre Royal de la Monnaie in Béjart's *Le Sacre du Printemps,* etc.
Folk Dance Companies include : Mali and the Ivory Coast (March 15-27), Greece (April 27-30), India (May 2-5), South Korea (May 25-27), Turkey (June 22-25).
COPENHAGEN : Royal Danish Ballet and Music Festival, May 17 to 31. Repertory includes *The Whims of Cupid, The Dancing School, La Sylphide, Napoli, Romeo and Juliet, Night Shadow, Apollon Musagetes, Serenade, Fanfare, Miss Julie, The Moon Reindeer, Blood Wedding, Carmen, Peter and the Wolf, The Shadow* (Bartholin), *La Dame aux Camelias, Festa.*
NERVI (Genoa) : Company directed by Leonide Massine, July 8 to 28.
July 8-10 : *Decameron*
13-14 : *Il Barbiere de Siviglia*
16-17 : *Les Sylphides, Bal des Voleurs, Scheherazade*
22-14 : *Cimarosiana, Choreatium, Le Beau Danube*
DUBROVNIK : July 10-August 24. The Serbian Folk Dance Company from Belgrade. The Croatian Folk Dance *Ensemble* from Zagreb. The Macedonian Folk Dancers from Skopje.

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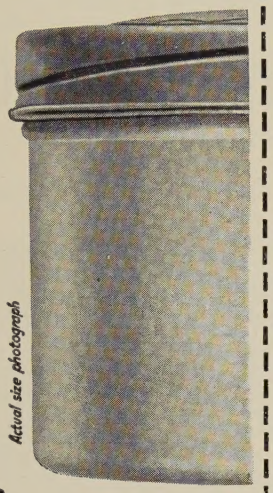

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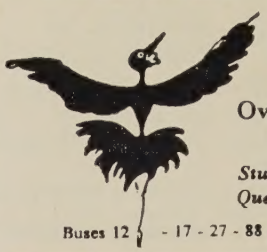

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